THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

Volume IV | New York, Wednesday, May 19, 1926 | Number 2

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CONSCIENCE AND THE STRIKE

ONE of the main obstacles to American understanding of the recent unprecedented situation in Great Britain was an imperfect knowledge of the human background against which the drama was being played out.

The issue—on the face of it, an economic one of wages and costs—was not being presented for the first or second time. In one form or another it has been endemic ever since the inception of the industrial era 150 years ago. Crises have arisen, with every indication of being acute, notably in 1911 and 1920, and have been met without the supreme challenge of a general cessation of labor. It is evident to every thoughtful man or woman not blinded by class feeling that something more profound than an economic issue which can be stated in two columns of news-print and mastered at the expense of a few hours' concentration, must have been at work to produce what was practically the cleavage of an entire nation in half—the one armed with all the material resources of government, limited till now only by constitutional precedent—the other with no weapons save idle hands and what degree of sympathy or apprehension their attitude could arouse in the class that keeps control.

The nature of an individual problem and the temper in which it is being met are two factors which must always be considered in their separate relation to the issue at point. As The Commonweal remarked last week, in commenting with inevitable briefness upon the first news of the general strike, no judgment or conclusion worth arriving at will ever be reached unless both these are taken into consideration. To produce a result for which history holds no parallel, it is not necessary that both should change. A variation in one, just as well as in the other, will produce the social disarray which it is the duty of all good governments to avert. Sometimes it happens that new and unforeseen problems, entailing much personal sacrifice, meet with a favoring temper in the people governed, and that enthusiasm for the common task communicates itself quickly and naturally from governors to governed.

But there are times when the contrary seems to happen. The enthusiasm that should fuse and energize the entire body fails inexplicably. Ominous fissures and flaws appear, sometimes in the most unexpected places. Corporate interests, class interests, personal interests, detach themselves, demand an attention all their own, and reëcho the old Luciferian cry, "non serviam!" Old grudges that one had believed forgotten resume their malign power to harden hearts and

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close fists. Illusions that one had thought buried under the mass of economic fact, are resurrected, with their old faculty to dazzle and betray intact. Democracy doubts of itself, and autocracy, finding a people undependable, dreams of a people dependent. These are tragic moments in a nation's history. They are solemn moments for all, inside the nation or outside of it, who feel called upon to judge the rights or wrongs of the case. Nations do not fall asunder because there are "faults on both sides." They do fall apart because of some vital flaw which destroys national fusion—most of all, by the lack of that element essential to every country's salvation which in good times has its modest share in general prosperity, and in hard times its own modest but personal interest in fighting through them, shoulder to shoulder, with more favored brethren.

Mr. Eustace Dudley, an English writer and scholar of Oxford University, has striven to trace the causes of this national failure back through an historical past whose beginnings he assigns to the great dogmatic change in the middle of the sixteenth century and the economic upheaval which was its immediate effect.* His little monograph which, short as it is, is packed with vital facts, is essentially an attempt to assign a collective "conscience" to capital, and to show that its violation in the case of the social body is attended with the same distressing and obscure phenomena which we note in the case of the individual. M. Georges Sorel, the French collectivist, in La Ruine du Monde Antique, had attempted a similar study based upon phenomena observable at the close of the Roman empire. But whereas the Frenchman's conclusions for our own day were singularly bleak and uncomforting, Mr. Dudley sees no reason why a creed that will supply the missing moral sanctions to modern society, will not yet avail to save the world from the impasse with which it is faced.

Mr. Dudley sees two epochs when England, "economically, socially, and morally," has been truly great The first roughly embraces the twelfth to the fourteenth century. During this period, the hey-day of the guilds and monasteries, the corporate ideal, latent in the Church's organism, laid hold upon the social imagination. Expressed in the merchant and craft guilds, it "formed, in fact, the basis of mediaeval social life, influencing it in every direction, temporal and spiritual. There was no essential difference between apprentice and master. . . . No 'profiteering' was possible, for wages and prices were regulated. . . . The essential difference between that age and this, is that capital was valued then for what it could procure in the interests of the community at large, and not as an accumulation of wealth for wealth's sake."

The Reformation, with its orgy of plunder, the break-up of the ecclesiastical mortmain under which so much of the nation's wealth was secured, and its ladling out from the melting pot into individual fortunes, put an end to this era. But Mr. Dudley does not believe it put an end to national conscience where wealth was concerned. Gradually, as Puritanism settled down upon the class most active and powerful economically, a new conception of riches arose, still allied to religious thought, that was the root of England's expansion and of the new prosperity. But the difference was vital, and fraught with terrible social danger. The Calvinistic doctrine of election and predestination lessened the value of good works at the very time it hardened and consecrated wealth as the outward manifestation of divine election. "Wealth and the ability to create it commanded much the same public veneration as did the saints in the middle-ages." The principle of private judgment "was now translated to the sphere of economics and applied in the interests of the individual." As for the poor—the unfavored by God—"they, neglected and forgotten, became either the victims of capitalism or were hidden away in state institutions under the stigma of poverty."

A theory of wealth so strongly rooted in human nature and the acquisitive instinct is naturally very powerful, and very formidable when threatened. But what the classes, who by now own all means of production, do not seem to have perceived, but what Mr. Dudley perceives very clearly, is that to obtain general acceptance it was singularly dependent on three things which he terms "supports." First, the theory "that the enlightened selfishness of the individual was in the interests of the community at large; secondly, so long as the religious tenets which encouraged the individualistic spirit, were generally believed; and thirdly, so long as our material wealth and prosperity were not seriously challenged." "That these three supports," concludes Mr. Dudley, "have not been kicked from under our feet for ever, no one will seriously maintain."

What we are watching, indeed, in England at the present time, is nothing less than a come-to-judgment of the whole Protestant and individualistic theory of wealth as opposed to the Catholic, corporate and co-operative ideal. While not abating one jot of its condemnation of disorder, from whatever grievance proceeding, American Catholic judgment of the whole issue will be guided by the answers that can be given to three questions. How far is labor free of the materialism and narrow class-consciousness it imputes to its antagonists? How far does its movement mark an instinctive return to the old corporate ideal which the Reformation destroyed? How far do those who are the defenders of social order reconcile their just demands that disruption shall cease with those inalienable rights to a fair wage and a decent life for the meanest worker which the great Pontiff and prophet, Leo XIII, laid down in his encyclical just thirty-five years ago?

**National Resurrection: A Plea for Disillusionment, by Eustace Dudley. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.*

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THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1925, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, 25 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

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Subscription Rates Yearly: $10.00 Single Copies: $0.20

WEEK BY WEEK

IN an article upon some of the more general aspects of the great strike, now happily over by mutual concession, The Commonweal has referred to a remarkable book published by a Catholic scholar of Oxford, Mr. Eustace Dudley, upon National Resurrection. After pointing out that the Catholic Church never pronounced slavery in set terms to be an infraction of moral law, but nevertheless did gradually succeed in producing a condition of Christian conscience to which the idea of slavery was intolerable, Mr. Dudley assigns very accurately the limits within which she can do her work today in producing a state of mind to which the haplessness and dependence of the unorganized worker—to many thinkers slavery under another guise—may come to be just as unthinkable. Individualistic capitalism, he admits, stands condemned. But not that the Church will ever give her countenance to an effort to break it by violent means which leave ruin and misery in their wake. Her work is to restore "moral sanctions," the old Thomistic conception of a "trusteeship" of wealth. Once this should prevail: "That basic doctrine of the Catholic Church, the restoration of men to be brethren because elevated to be sons of a common Father, would inspire the minds of men and act as leaven throughout our national life, precisely as it leavened and purified, without destroying, Roman society in the early Christian centuries. . . . The ambition and greed of men would be kept within bounds by this universally recognized authority, to spurn which would be to incur the censure of Christendom."

WHAT marked out the present from past industrial conflicts was not only its scale, but the insistence of both parties that it be regarded as an entirely secular and economic affair. The importation of ethical, not to say dogmatic, issues, was either resented or dismissed as so many perfunctory gestures, meritorious enough in their futile fashion, but quite immaterial to the question involved. In this attitude, it is to be feared, both capital and labor are reflecting only too faithfully the trend of the age. When religion has been a snubbed and cold-shouldered guest in the ordered house of life, it is not likely it will find itself welcome when the house has been thrown into violent disarray, particularly as what it has to say is not likely to make good propaganda for either wing.

IN excluding the appeal made by the head of the state church from the columns of the state "newspaper," the government, no doubt, acted within its functions. But labor will be very foolish if it follows this grudging example and despises the moral support to its just grievances which the churches can lend, simply because their support rises above the level of partisanship. The Catholic Church in Britain has been, and still remains, the church of the worker and of the poor. Whatever be the record of the Anglican church in the past, that section of it, at least, which is nearest to traditional Catholic thought, has identified itself so thoroughly in recent years with the cause of the dispossessed that the misleading charge of being infected with actual socialism is sometimes brought against it in criticism.

THE battle for race purity is a persistent and not always unstrategic affray. When the President signed the amendment to the Johnson immigration bill, which based the annual quotas on ancestry or national origin, he probably did not realize how completely the measure would put into practice certain ideas affectionately entertained by indigenous Anglo-Saxons. It appears, however, from estimates supplied by the official statisticians that under the new law Great Britain and North Ireland are empowered to furnish more than half of the prospective candidates for nationalization. The Irish Free State, for its part, will be entitled to only 8,830 passports—about twice as many as Russia. Scandinavian countries, from which many of our best mechanics have come during recent years, are reduced to a total quota of about 7,000. While these estimates are admittedly subject to revision, the relative permanence of the figures supplied will undoubtedly be assured by the law. The effect will be—and manifestly ought to be—a vigorous and continued protest from elements in the population which have no desire to uphold the belief that this country is merely a full-grown thirteen colonies. But antagonism might well bear in mind how difficult it is to distribute the small legalized quota equitably. The pres-

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ent measure rectifies some errors in the older immigration scheme, even while making others of its own. It may be that the formula finally agreed upon will profit from the accumulated mistakes of the past.

THE Holaday bill, however, as reported in the House, cannot profit from anything. It was a 100 percent blunder when born. Imagine the celebrations which might be staged in a righteous and self-loving community were the law endowed with the might to deport aliens who, within ten years after their arrival, could be labeled with a minor prison sentence. There are plenty of penal offenses which carry a penalty of at least one year in jail. Anything from bibbling a glass of sherry to shaking a fist at the constable would be enough justification for shooing an Irishman or Italian out of the country, and, incidentally, for exposing his family to hardships of the grossest sort. And if the local chamber of commerce began to sniff the awful odor of communism on the outskirts of a strike, the train service would probably break down under the strain of immigrant laborers headed back to shores from which the chamber itself emanated a paltry sum of years earlier. In short, the measure is viciously narrow and serviceable to the worst purposes of fanatics. The only good that could possibly come of it would be its usefulness as a club in the hands of liquor-enforcement officials. And these—to voice a common conviction—already have more than a normal supply of bludgeons and pikestaves.

THE margins of Coolidge Republicanism are becoming increasingly ragged. Even without the dissatisfaction of the farm bloc and the middle-western resentment of overtures toward Geneva, the imprint of the administration upon the national consciousness is far less incisive and sure than it used to be. The overwhelming victory of Senator James E. Watson in the Indiana primaries is, for instance, a proof that local political machinery can run smoothly without a national lubricant. The Senator had been frowned upon by almost everybody of official importance in Washington; he had even been denounced by Albert J. Beveridge. Of these facts the Hoosier at the ballot-box apparently remained careless. "He's a jolly good fellow" was the prevailing melody wherever mention of "Jim" Watson, his addresses and his deeds, was made. And how could the neighbors be anything but loyal to a man who had resolutely gone fishing whenever a dangerous national issue appeared, and who always returned an hour ahead of time upon days when the affairs of Hoosierdom were at stake? Such fidelity to one's political first love is touching and profitable. But it bides no good to the party which may soon be face to face with one of the most desperate national campaigns in its history. Nor, to continue the mournful tale, are affairs more promising in Iowa, where the Republicans were foolhardy enough to unseat Senator Brookhart by resorting to a defense of the former Attorney-General. Now the indictment of Mr. Daugherty threatens to prove a boomerang which will not only deprive the veteran Senator Cummins of his railroad fare to Washington, but may figure as a weapon of the greatest importance in the conduct of the next campaign. All of which seems to prove that Republicanism has lost its battle against middle-western particularism all along the line. And that happens to be a defeat pleasing to nobody so thoroughly as to those insurgents who, a year ago, stood shivering in the victor's cortège.

THE Manhattan tercentenary observances, extended comment on which has been published here and elsewhere, are of added interest because they arouse so many questions about the share which various nationalities took in the development of the colony. There is reason to believe, for instance, that had it not been for the vast migration into Holland of Belgians during the century of religious turmoil, sufficiently numerous colonists for the Dutch West India Company's purpose would not have been available. Even the nationality of Peter Minuit, the first governor of Manhattan, is debated. We quote from The Belgians, by Henry G. Bayer, which will be reviewed in a later issue: "Peter Minuit came from Wesel, Westphalia, Germany, but many historians claim him to be a Belgian, or of Belgian parentage. The Belgian historian, Baron de Borchgrave, says that he was the scion of a Flemish family which had taken refuge at Wesel, while the American historian, Charles Baird, tells us that Minuit was a Walloon—that his family, during the persecutions in the southern provinces, had taken refuge in Wesel, where Minuit was a deacon of the Walloon church at the time of his appointment as director of New Netherland. Wesel, so near the border of the Belgian provinces, had been a 'city of refuge' in the days of religious persecution. It is interesting to note that in 1627, Minuit wrote to William Bradford, governor of New Plymouth Colony, letters in 'French' and in Dutch, and that his secretary, Isaac de Rasieres, was a Walloon." Obviously, a career of this sort invites historical speculation.

THE problem of relating higher education to religion remains, as we have all learned from long continued discussion, dependent upon given cultural and economic circumstances. There is a valuable lesson in the experience of a country to which we do not turn frequently enough for counsel and example—the Dominion of Canada. Quebec, as a French-speaking Catholic province, has developed a system of secondary and higher religious training carefully adapted to the needs of its relatively homogeneous population. Residents in other sections of the dominion have been, however, less fortunately circumstanced; and the noble effort to aid them is described as follows by a relig-

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ious educator who speaks with authority: "Since the million English-speaking Catholics of Canada are nowhere grouped in a solid mass but are everywhere scattered, as a minority, over a country nigh four thousand miles wide, it is not possible at present to establish that claim of Catholic universities that will eventually, please God, dot this land. Meanwhile it rests with each individual bishop to solve, with the concurrence of the Holy See, the higher educational problem of his diocese in such a manner as local conditions may require to enable his diocesans at this present moment to obtain the advantages of university education and thoroughly Catholic intellectual culture."

"IT was with all these principles before his eyes that Bishop Fallon, of London, Ontario, after having explored all the educational possibilities of the province, decided on the policy of establishing Catholic arts colleges in the University of Western Ontario. The Catholic Women's Arts College was founded at once. The university governors and senate have facilitated in every way the successful functioning of this constituent and yet autonomous college; and, especially in mathematics and natural science, the pupils have made use of certain university lectures. To the diocesan Ursuline community, a member of the Ursuline family, which is the oldest religious order in the Catholic Church founded for the education of women, the Bishop of London entrusted this college." The results have been eminently satisfactory; and we might add that, together with their kindred college, Saint Michael's, in the University of Toronto, these institutions have done work of the first order in the culture of the arts and the fostering of religious conviction.

AN American of these times will be impressed by no aspect of the recent British industrial disturbance so much as by the respect for human life manifested by the contestants. Though emotions were tense and bitterness unavoidable, far less desire to kill was noticeable in all England than in a single normal large American city. A toll of more than twelve thousand lives a year is the price we pay for unrestrained violence. Perhaps the grand jury now sitting in Chicago, as the result of a machine-gun volley which incidentally caused the death of an assistant district-attorney, will get at some of the causes which underlie this appalling holocaust. From evidence already presented, it appears that the prosecution of gangsters has been brought to a complete standstill for reasons which include inability to fasten the crime upon men who move behind one of the most elaborately constructed smoke-screens in the world. Most astonishing of all are the extrajuridical enterprises which function in behalf of the law-breaker. If a fractional part of what is alleged against the Illinois parole system proves to be true, the Governor and his associates will stand before their fellow-citizens in a spiritual garb of sepia beyond comparison with even the worst of recorded political villainies. They have removed from custody dozens of the ultimately degenerate, who paid for the privilege of freedom for the purpose of recouping their fortunes in beer rings and through lucrative assassinations. The recent escape of seven desperados from a "non-leakable" penitentiary, where they had murdered a warden and overcome the guard, is more lurid but not more ominous than the freeing of dozens of others through the orderly channels of executive government. Here once again is a case where the citizenry must exercise eternal vigilance—the first endeavor of which should be to brand political venality with a mark it can never forget.

TWICE within the eighteen months of its publication, The Commonweal has had to record instances of heroic sanctity and mortification—rivaling anything that the lives of the saints record for our edification—carried out in the midst of lowly and anonymous lives, and unknown of men until the accident of death discovered them. The case of "Matt Talbot," however, which the Dublin correspondent of the National Catholic Welfare Conference communicates to the press, is positively startling in its evidence of the persistence of the ascetic spirit in unsuspected quarters, and all the more so because the details brought to light have occurred, not in any cloister where such things are taken more or less for granted, but in the rough-and-tumble world of unskilled labor. The facts of Talbot's life have been published in a book of which 15,000 copies have already been sold and can only be briefly referred to here. A worker in a lumberyard at a wage that never exceeded $5.00 a week, Talbot, by a dietary that just kept body and soul together, succeeded in saving all but $1.50 weekly, which sum he contributed to the education of priests for the Chinese mission-field. For forty years, his intimates declare, he never took what would be called a square meal.

HIS austerities were secret and he seems to have taken pains to have them pass as eccentricities. Thus, while making the Stations of the Cross on bare knees he contrived to cover his legs with a long overcoat, which he wore, for that purpose, winter and summer alike. The rope, chain, and cords which were discovered upon his body when it was stripped for burial in the hospital, had never been suspected by his mates, with whom he bore the name of a "wiry" and active worker. Only the evidence of his sister, who kept house for him, has brought to light other mortifications, the plank bed, wooden pillow, and single blanket; the practice of rising at two o'clock every morning to pray for nearly three hours with arms outstretched. Comment on such a case as Talbot's is bound to be something in the nature of an anticlimax, but one observation may be permitted. It is sixty years ago

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since M. Victor Hugo, in giving the ascetic spirit the benefit of his tremendous mind, declared that in order to exorcise it in our midst today, nothing more drastic was necessary than to "spell the date." Spelling out "nineteen hundred and twenty-five" leaves Matt Talbot very much flesh and blood, though the blood was impoverished by vigils and fastings, and chains were embedded in the flesh.

WE have enjoyed more than we can say Mr. Samuel Merwin's account of his ten years' stay in Old Concord, as issued in the May Century magazine. It is not everyone who can dwell for more than a week close to Chester French's Minute Man and the quiet riches of Emerson's library. And perhaps there is no one who could explain half so well as Mr. Merwin does the effects of the long, well-filled village days and nights. This is no faubourg with a cosmic urge. "Everything is considered in purely Concord terms. I have been unable to detect the slightest impulse to be bigger or better known. The very modern country club, even, makes no effort to rival similar neighboring organizations. The building is modest but charming. . . . The dues were only recently raised from $20.00 to $30.00 a year; and it is out of that income that the original indebtedness is being paid off. But the golf-course and tennis-courts are really good, the golf professional is a recognized master teacher, and the meals are well cooked. Everything for use. The rest, simplicity." These details of how a community has solved the question of enjoyment come home to many of us who dwell in ambitious hamlets with all the sharp melancholy of envy. What is the reason why Concord can do these things—can have these things? And Mr. Merwin is ready with the answer: "In a village that is itself an institution with a curiously personalized history, every person who serves long in the community (and I have perhaps made it clear that it is difficult to live here without serving) tends to become an institution too." It would be so simple for a throng of towns in every part of the country similarly to find and cherish the sources from which their life came. Perhaps this very ease is responsible for the neglect of local community living: it seems so much more remarkable to think of citizenship in the universe!

THE Federated Junior Newman Clubs of New York City, whose chairman is Mr. Frank D. Whalen, announce a retreat for Catholic teachers in the public high schools. Briefly stated, the character of the retreat is this: a series of three conferences, to be delivered by the Reverend James M. Gillis, C.S.P., on the evenings of May 13, 14, and 15, at Saint Paul's Church, New York City, will be followed by Communion and breakfast on the morning of May 16. In accordance with the spirit of the organization, no charge will be made for admission to the conferences; and because the subject is the relationship between religion and education, it is felt that many who do not belong to the federation—either because of their own religious affiliations or for some other reason—will be glad to accept the cordial invitation extended to all. The object of the clubs, we are informed by their chairman, "is not to bring sectarian instruction into the public schools, nor to be a fraternity or a proselytizing agency. Its purpose is religious; and therefore it does not hide under a literary, historical, geographical, or social cloak. The organization is for Catholic teachers and pupils in the public and other secular high schools. It does not desire to exclude anyone, but refuses in the American spirit of toleration to force its religious views on anyone. It was started some years ago by Catholic teachers and pupils, and has for the past two years enjoyed the approval of His Eminence, Cardinal Hayes. Meetings are supervised by teachers and the clergy, and are held outside the school buildings with the knowledge and consent of the Board of Education.

WE cannot refrain from communicating to our readers the honor which has been conferred upon the South American artist, Signor Pedro Subercaseaux, creator of the series of Franciscan paintings which The Commonweal was the first to present to lovers of art in the United States. A letter from Cardinal Gasparri conveys to the artist the thanks of the Holy Father, together with the apostolic benediction. "By its lofty inspiration which makes of the book a work of high spirituality and raises it above so many current productions in which the author easily descends to vulgarity or to strangeness of conception, this publication offers a contribution of the first rank to the study of the soul and true spirit of Saint Francis," says the Cardinal's letter. "Similarly, the elegance and perfect design of the illustrations make it a gem of exquisite art." These words of encomium ought to help toward making Subercaseaux's great achievement the spiritual classic it deserves to be.

THE thought that the modern world is permeated with the influence of Saint Francis may at first seem paradoxical. But when one remembers that 4,000,000 Tertiaries observe the rule of the Third Order while going quietly about their business, the significance of what they are doing comes home. It is therefore fitting that the Second National Convention of the Third Order of Saint Francis, preparations for which are now under way, should assume for its especial purpose the idea that the simple, basic rules posited by the Poverello are our most helpful remedies for the ills which inflict modern mankind. The questions of modesty in dress, vulgar plays, and intemperance have all been included among the things against which the Third Order stands. They are settled in so far as its members are concerned. Obviously, divorce and materialistic conception of marriage, now so prevalent,

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are discountenanced in the lives of the Tertiaries, whose rule imposes as a special obligation the sanctifying of home life. It will pay those who are interested in social reform, regardless of their religious affiliations, to observe the convention attentively when it meets in October. Pope Leo XIII once remarked: "My reform is the Third Order." Sooner or later—who knows?—the world may come to agree with the great, far-seeing Pontiff. Meanwhile America will have had the opportunity to observe the nobility of the Franciscan ideal and to see something of its effect upon millions of ordinary, struggling, busy folk.

THE extraordinary work which is being accomplished by Mother Stevens at the College of the Sacred Heart in the musical training of children was splendidly evident in the recent presentation of The House of Wisdom at the Pius X Hall in New York City. The House of Wisdom is a cantata written by Theodore Heinroth, one of the instructors at the Pius X Institute of Liturgical Music, to the words of Mother Sarah Brownson. The work is one of great charm. It was written in honor of Saint Madeleine Sophie Barat, the foundress of the Society of the Sacred Heart, and was performed under the composer's direction by the students of the College of the Sacred Heart and the Pius X School. Both the singing of the choir and the playing of the little orchestra, most of whose members are still in their early 'teens, would have done credit to any of the established choral and orchestral institutions, and was a superb example of what is possible in musical instruction when it is carried out by such teachers as Mother Stevens and her coadjutors in the Pius X School.

AN anniversary that should be important to every American interested in the history of Catholic culture in our country occurs on May 26, the sixtieth anniversary of the passing away in 1866 of "the founder of Catholic literature in America," with Dr. Charles Constantine Pise, the only priest of the Church in all our history to fill the post of chaplain to the United States Senate. The career of this cultivated gentleman of the past illustrates the success of a brilliant and charming personality. Dr. Pise was born at Annapolis, Maryland, on November 22, 1801. He received his education in Georgetown College,and was for a while a member of the Society of Jesus. Later he taught at Mount Saint Mary's College, where John Hughes, who became the great Archbishop of New York, was among his pupils. He also officiated in the Baltimore Cathedral, and in Saint Patrick's Church, Washington; and for one year, 1848, he was pastor of Saint Peter's Church on Barclay Street, New York City. The following year saw his appointment to the pastorate of the Church of Saint Charles Borromeo in Sydney Place in Brooklyn, where he served religion with the highest dignity and virtue until his death. Dr. Pise was also a poet of considerable ability, and his song, The American Flag, should be in the memory of every student of our Catholic institutions. He wrote, in five volumes, a History of the Catholic Church (1829) and Father Rowland (1829) Aletheia (1845) Saint Ignatius and His First Companions (1845) and Christianity and the Church (1850). As a general contributor to the magazines of his time he was distinguished and forceful. It would seem only fitting that some of our Catholic societies and authors' guilds should unite in erecting a public monument in recognition of such service to nation and Church.

CHURCH MUSIC IN BRITAIN

THE English mind is enamored of ritual. No matter how many harsh things Spenser was ready to mutter when the thought of "Rome" obsessed him, he was as fond of cloisters and holy singing as is that contemporary bandit of beauty, Mr. George Grey Barnard.

But the nineteenth-century Englishman was really a clumsy ritualist in practice. Far be it from us to repeat the irate commentaries on Victorian Established services supplied by so many of the judicious and notable, when the struggling Catholic manner suggested to Cardinal Manning that the great blunder had been to permit sung Masses in churches where musical ambition was anything but a virtue. The Motu Proprio of Pope Pius X was a blow felt equally as much in Salisbury as in Paris. But the after-effects, as we judge from a spirited paper on the subject, contributed by Edward A. Maginty to the current Dublin Review, are more than relatively estimable.

"Famous as they may be as the idols of the tonal craft, the men of the Viennese school, Weber and his ilk, belonged to that race of spiritual court-jesters employed by the richer princelings of the continent to while away the tedium of a Sunday morning by means of compositions which were, as they were meant to be, in a twofold sense, distractions. Their first duty was to convert the Mass into a matinee musicale, at which the best procurable musicians should assist." The grip of these masters of profane melody was a mighty and lingering one. We ourselves have migrated from a nasal Gounod in church—with the banjo and bells attachments of the thoroughly up-to-the-minute organ going full force—to a sonorous and full-throated Gounod, with that addition of coloratura cadence that left one breathless, at a music hall. But Mr. Maginty, though savory in his recollection of old, unhappy things, is pleasantly hopeful.

"The most healthy liturgical feature of our time," he says, "is the part played almost everywhere by the children. In some of the 800 missions where they can have a Mass to themselves they sing folk-Masses, after the model of those heard at Cologne. Elsewhere they

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provide music for Holy Week, for week-days, for a nuptial Mass, for the Requiem. A short time ago several thousand of them sang a Gregorian credo to the accompaniment of a grand organ at Westminster. The 'delicious uproar of infancy' at the national congress never fails to excite enthusiasm. These little ones bid fair to rival the multitude of children who occasionally throng the piazza at Saint Peter's." And so it goes on. The future abides with those to whom it naturally belongs—little ones, growing boys and girls, trained to distinguish between a psalter and a hymn-book, growing unconsciously into the beauty and the nobility of the choral singing which, centuries ago, bloomed from the consecrated obscurity of subterranean Rome.

Toward this future the United States is making—as Mr. Maginty also implies—a definite contribution. The 50,000 children who will sing the "Mass of the Angels" at the Eucharistic Congress will blend the pure freshness of their voices with a melodic score that incorporates the best of Catholic liturgical feeling. It is salutary to remember also that the 50,000 did not leap up from the ground, like so many wild and perfect flowers. Produced and brought together by careful teachers, their achievement will be a memorial not only to the power faith has to create beauty but also to the unsleeping moral watchfulness which strives to render the instrument worthy of the song.

JUSTICE AND ECONOMICS

THE economic order is the most fundamental requirement of social welfare. When, for any reason whatever, it becomes disorder, suffering and loss are immediate and inevitable. Now the great modern problem is this: in what respects are the suffering and wastage, evident on all sides, consequences of the existing economic system? If there be a definite relation between the two, then it is apparent that "disorder" is integral and acclimated. The whole effort of the conservative is expended, therefore, in denying any such definite relationship, and in making social ills contingent upon accidental happenings or upon "human nature." The anti-conservative, on the other hand, argues consistently that discord is ingrained in the economic system; and to make his point he has elaborated a number of philosophies, among the most important of which are those of Marx and Sorel.

Now what is the position of the Church in regard to the controversy? The answer can be found by considering the doctrines of Pope Leo XIII's Rerum Novarum as converging formulae for a single principle. This, as the encyclical plainly shows, is the truth that labor must make life possible. The declaration that "the worker is entitled to a living wage," is a norm laid down imperatively for adjudging the orderliness of the modern economic scheme. It was a norm which that system had not reckoned with, and which it still refuses, in a large measure, to consider binding. Obviously, then, the Pope was anti-conservative in the most important part of his pronouncement. Wherever "the worker is entitled to a living wage" is not accepted as a definition of economic order, there, in the opinion of the Church, disorder exists either really or potentially. The point should never be left out of consideration when crises like the recent British strike occur.

Fortunately, the year 1926, which marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of the proclamation of Rerum Novarum, finds American industry generally ready to admit that prosperity which submerges the worker below the level of decency is dangerous and unjust. Quite as fortunate is the understanding of labor in this country for the doctrine of justice to which the Church is pledged. And the fact that the anniversary of Pope Leo's encyclical will be observed in an appropriate way by workingmen, is encouraging proof that respect for reasoned principle has not given way to fantastic championing of anarchistic theories. On May 16, 17, and 18, Minnesota labor will combine with the social action department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference in a commemorative program which includes addresses by Reverend John A. Ryan; President William Green, of the American Federation of Labor; and Reverend J. C. Harrington, professor in the St. Paul seminary. In commenting upon the event, the bulletin of the social action department says:

"The meeting indicates the mutual respect and friendship of American labor and Catholic social teaching. This is not to say that Catholic social teaching approves of all that is done in the name of organized labor, or that organized labor accepts everything in Catholic social teaching. The basis of friendship is that both of them condemn in theory and practice a continuous and completely irreconcilable class-struggle in industry; that both recognize and advocate certain standards of work which are a man's right; that both advocate the establishment of collective bargaining; that both look to the government for some assistance; and that both of them advocate co-operation between employers and employees in industrial management."

Obviously, no one who realizes that norms of social justice are the only safe guarantees of economic peace, and therefore of the general welfare, will refrain from desiring that the friendliness of Church and labor shall gain in intensity. It is really one of America's greatest blessings that, within its realms, respect and love for abiding principles of conduct are comparatively seldom abandoned for purely selfish and brutal policies of class war. That is quite as the great Pope, Leo XIII, would have wished it; and the majesty of his message is proved by the fact that, thirty-five years after its appearance, men rally to it with increasing conviction and trust.

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COMMUNIST SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

(Timeliness is given this article on a very curious movement among young people of the working class in England, by the recent news despatch to the New York World, describing the "first annual conference of the Young Comrades' League of the Communist party of Great Britain," just held at Openshaw, Manchester, in which child delegates whose ages ranged from nine to fifteen, and claiming to represent a membership of 2,000,000, spoke from the platform, endorsing the entire Communist program of class warfare, and boasting that "members of our school groups have been . . . instrumental in organizing strikes of children."—The Editors.)

THE present-day Communist schools in England take their real beginning in the movement started by Thomas Anderson in Glasgow somewhere about 1896. The so-called socialistic education assumed a more or less definite shape a few years previously, when Mary Gray—a pioneer of Socialism—founded the very first socialistic Sunday school in a London suburb.

Their program was couched in absolutely clear terms: they were simply out to give "the workers sufficient weapons" in order to enable them "to emancipate themselves from the bonds of capitalism," and thus grow "in intellectual and spiritual development." The number of such socialistic schools rapidly increased, and the 1921 statistics show us that there existed then no less than 153 schools in the United Kingdom—with 10,000 children attending them. These figures are, doubtless, much larger today.

The prime object of those first socialistic Sunday schools was to turn their pupils into "intelligent and earnest Socialists," and the History of Mankind was taken as the basis to an "intelligent" understanding of Socialism. They affirmed that their teaching was absolutely non-theological and non-political, and their attitude to all parties in general was quite unbiased. As late as 1923 the socialistic Sunday school authorities were asked to define their views on religion. One of the questions put ran thus: "Do you believe and acknowledge God as the Author and Being of the universe?" They answered that they did not claim to be for or against any theological doctrine. "The socialistic movement is greater than any religion. Its ideals are greater than Christ—or greater even than God." They simply wanted "to bring about a universal brotherhood."

This attitude of indifference to recognized religious teachings may have its demerits—but it certainly has no particularly offensive elements in it. But the socialistic Sunday school movement is now proved to be affiliated with other centres of education—where the theory of promoting "a universal brotherhood" seems not to be acknowledged at all—and where the arrogant principle of the movement "being even greater than God" can find no room—for the simple reason that these other schools make a point of denying God's existence at every point.

These are the so-called proletarian and the communist schools in England.

It is essential at the start to give a clear definition of their similarity to and links with the socialistic Sunday schools. At the first glance there are innumerable differences. The socialistic Sunday schools teach love of everybody, promotion of universal brotherhood, upbuilding of endless peace, etc. The teaching of proletarian schools is distinguished by vehement anti-religiousness, and incitement to class hatred. No mention of any fraternal love is to be found in their text-books. Their pupils are given ten maxims to learn. Among these we read—"Thou shalt not be a patriot: for a patriot is an international blackleg. . . . Your duty . . . is to wage class war against all . . . bourgeois wars." To sum up—"Thou shalt hate the existing order of things—God, state, religion—all are inventions of the hated bourgeoisie, all are to be hated."

Such are the strictly proletarian schools. "The word 'Socialism' does not mean much today; there are so many grades of thought calling themselves socialist that one actually feels ashamed to be labeled socialist."

But the socialistic Sunday schools have not alienated themselves from the proletarian school movement; their hymn-books, when examined, reveal a good deal of similarity to the hymnals used by the proletarian schools. Again, Thomas Anderson—who was primarily instrumental in the founding of the socialistic Sunday schools—is also at the head of the existing proletarian schools. He originated them in Glasgow about seven years ago. No list of these schools is yet available. Their official organ, the Red Dawn, was merged into Proletcult (affiliated with the Soviet publication of the like name) in 1920, but four years later the paper was suspended—due to the appearance of an obscene pamphlet, Sex Knowledge for Parents.

Proletarian school-teachers are quite frank about their attitude toward morals and religion—"We must not make people believe that their religion and ours is the same." In fact, they profess to have none—as will be seen from their catechism:

> Q. What do you mean by God?
> A. God is that power which man in his ignorance has called supernatural.
> Q. Was not Jesus the son of God?
> A. There is no God—he could not be his son.

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There is no direct evidence whether this catechism is in actual use today—but the proletarian school principles remain just the same.

Three years after the opening of proletarian schools (in 1921) another movement was begun. So-called communist schools were founded—whose progress and growth are watched with a great interest by the leaders of the Soviet education in Moscow. The Soviet anti-religious paper, Atheist, has of late devoted considerable space to reports on the various activities of these schools in England. At the very start of the enterprise a Soviet reporter secured an interview with A. MacManus, president of the Communist party in England. This interview is interesting for the light thrown by it on the relationship between the socialistic Sunday schools and those of the Communist party. Mr. MacManus said that "the growth of socialistic Sunday schools in England is of tremendous importance to the development of anti-religious propaganda among the British masses."

Again, the British Communist organ—International of Youth—had the following statement in its number of September, 1922: "By an agreement with the socialistic Sunday school organization, the Young Communist League will not form any new schools where the former has schools already in existence, but the Young Communist Comrades will go there to work"—which they have been doing since.

Bulletin, the organ of the Young Communist League, and the Moscow Atheist are absolutely identical in tone and treatment. Both make use of these methods of attacking religion, both are out "to smash Christianity—which is a useless legacy of a useless age"—or, as they say elsewhere, "a shameful remnant of bygone slavery."

In England, it is true, the movement is going on on a far lesser scale than in Russia, but the nuclei are there already. Letters from "enlightened" communist boys and girls sufficiently show the trend of the new "education":

> Comrades, what are we taught at the council schools? We are taught about King Alfred who burnt the cakes—and Queen Elizabeth with her love for dresses, whereas at the communist children's section we are taught workers' history. . . . If we believe what they tell us in day school about Russia, we would think that the Russians are very wicked, but we comrades know that Russia is now the finest country in the world, having overthrown the capitalist system, and put in its place a workers' Soviet republic.

This is written by a boy aged eleven. A little girl of ten writes that "we must be given to understand how to learn to fight together to get our aim." And their teachers say: "It is our task to make them [the children] realize and resent these things [capitalism, etc.] and to teach them to organize this resentment for the class struggle."

A NOVELIST AND A SAINT

By ERNEST DIMNET

THREE volumes have recently been published in France on the increasingly fascinating subject of the young saint of Lisieux: one by Monsignor Laveille (Sainte Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus. Carmel: Lisieux) which bids fair to be the final word from the purely Catholic side; another by M. Gaetan Bernoville (Sainte Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus. Paris: Grasset) also written from the orthodox standpoint, but to which a constant striving after literary distinction gives a special character; finally, Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux (Paris: Fasquelle) by Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, to which alone I wish to draw the reader's attention.

Madame Lucie Delarue, the wife of Dr. Mardrus, the famous translator of the Arabian Nights, is a poet and novelist whose forceful facility, indifference to mere effect, and preference for the higher strata of her subjects have long made famous, half-way between Colette and the Comtesse de Noailles. Her spelling is apt to be uncertain, her grammar loose, her composition remote from the formal French canons, but her soul is in every page.

Madame Delarue-Mardrus is the curious sort of unbeliever abounding in France, an "unreligious Catholic," as she herself says, more regretfully than defiantly, that is to say, a person who was born a Catholic, was probably educated in Catholic surroundings—one of her sisters is a nun—but, in time, more or less lost her faith and does not know how to regain it. She is an artist who loves the cathedral and even the village church, and even, as she puts it, "the gestures of the Mass," and no doubt has only contempt for anti-clericalism, but her masculine intellect has come into contact with the warped popular presentment of Catholicism, and, like Valentine or Marcion, she has concluded there must be another God. That her innate tendency was and still remains religious, her book leaves no doubt, and some pages of it show this in a touching manner, while her assimilation of saintliness to genius marks her off from the herd of everyday scoffers: Lucie Delarue is certainly fitted to write hagiography as it appeals to lovers of the sublime.

How did such a writer feel an interest in a saint whose pretty nicknames, the Little Flower, the Little Rose, the Little Queen, dear to popular piety, are, however, irritating to outsiders? Lucie Delarue was born, and still lives several months a year, in Nor-

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mandy: Sister Theresa was her countrywoman, and she repeats it on twenty occasions. During the war she saw the farm women go on pilgrimages to Lisieux "that the men might not be killed"; they would go to the cemetery where the young saint was still lying, and bury in the earth of the Carmelites' lot a bit of paper bearing their humble petition. She also heard that the poilus in their trenches would rather invoke Theresa, so near to us, than even Joan of Arc. Finally, a nun of her acquaintance gave her a photograph of Sister Theresa, which produced an extraordinary effect upon her. This photograph is reproduced on the cover of her book and positively sums it up. Nothing could be more different from the conventional iconography than this picture, the work possibly of a mere amateur but in possession of a providentially excellent camera. The face is beautiful, of course, and beautiful with a spiritual beauty, but the head is erect, the brow strikingly intelligent, and the eyes look at one as only eyes exceptionally made to see can look. Clearly, if this face had not belonged to a saint, it would have belonged to a rare human being. This is what the photograph says and what the whole volume strives to express.

Shortly after the canonization of Saint Theresa, Madame Delarue-Mardrus took one of the farm women with her and went to Lisieux. Catholics accustomed from childhood to popular manifestations of piety in famous pilgrimage centres, as well as observers of architectural decadence even in such sanctuaries as Notre Dame de Fourviere or Notre Dame de la Garde or Notre Dame l'Albert, are disappointed in, but not shocked by Lisieux. A woman like Madame Delarue, who begins her book with an invocation to Chartres, would inevitably be too cross at the display of glaring marbles, ugly statues, and cold electricity in the Carmelite chapel to be conscious, as we Catholics are, of a soul of faith in it all: believers feel too near the relics of a saint, too near the grille through which, so recently, her Amen floated from the nuns' choir, to be more than superficially critical. But Madame Delarue is conscious of nothing but the ugliness, the commercialism rampant in the little town, the hurried answers of the priests, the utilitarianism of the ex-votos, the stupidity which transformed Therese Martin's home into a chapel and a museum, and concealed the very site of her grave with one more unforgivable statue. She asks a lay sister why Saint Theresa, in the true Spanish tradition, is dressed in velvet instead of russet, and the answer: "Do you think people are dressed in russet in heaven?" instead of showing her the poor nun's admiration of heaven opens a vista on what she thinks to be the disguises of self-love masquerading as self-sacrifice. Little is really understood and the pilgrim goes home in disgust.

With this disappointment all the early part of the book is filled, with threatening allusions to the fact that if the Church, who used to have beauty constantly on her side, now disregards it, she will be the loser. These pages, I have been told, have grieved the Lisieux Carmelites, and they give offense to most Catholic readers. Every now and then, in the following chapters, we encounter phrases or a point of view showing how completely even a nun's sister can forget the essence of the cloistered life. Nowhere does Madame Delarue seem to be aware that, as Lacordaire puts it, love is eternally watching at the grave: she uses a special type to make us realize the "horror" of the Carmelite solitude, oubliettes, she calls it also: only in one place does she appear to come near the point of view familiar to us, but she spoils it by speaking of the nuns as a "holy harem."

What, then, is of any real value in this book of a writer far above the average? This: the touchingly humble, but resolute and powerfully expressed realization of Saint Theresa's sublimity, as distinguished from the more graceful aspects of her saintliness. In other words, this outsider goes straight to the view which attracts all truly spiritually-minded Catholics and appears in what they say or write concerning the new saint. And this view she has assimilated from the contemplation and protracted study, first of the photograph she so rightly prefers and, second, from the reading of the History of a Soul, written by Sister Theresa herself. Violent and almost brutal as her tone is in speaking of Lisieux banality, it becomes almost timid the moment she approaches religion; but again, the moment she sees greatness, even of the kind least appreciated by the world, she recognizes and proclaims it.

Any poet of the mental calibre of Madame Delarue would naturally be struck by the similarity between genius and saintliness, and revere it; also, he would dwell on the startling sincerity with which Theresa, side by side with the description of her spiritual progress, fearlessly describes her temptations and doubts. But how many unprepared critics would not take exception to the young sister's realization of her own vocation to saintliness, as they take exception to Saint Paul's personal defense in Galatians and Corinthians II! Madame Delarue is not shocked to see Theresa speak of her victories, her giant strides, her prophecy that "the whole world will love her," or that "the Lord will work wonders on her account"; more astonishing than all the rest, she reads the real meaning into Theresa's stupendous affirmation that "the three years of her father's martyrdom seem to her the most blessed of her life, and she would not exchange them for sublime ecstasies." She knows that modern science, with its confidence and its blinkers, will not fail to place such assertions beside the two mystic phenomena in Theresa's life and her own admission of nervous troubles, to conclude that she was abnormal and morbid. But she protests. "I hate," she says, "the execrable science trying to confine to a hospital

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all human beings striving after superiority." In many places, this so-called unbeliever, certainly ignorant of a great deal that is elementary in Catholicism, astonishes us by her comprehension of much that is far from being elementary, or is entirely remote from the tendencies of modern scepticism. But our surprise increases when, toward the end of her patient and obviously happy analysis of the History of a Soul, Madame Delarue comes out with the calm statement: "Laugh if you will, but I believe in the influence of saints, the possibility of miracles, and the power of prayer. And as I believe in the projection of will beyond death, I believe in the energy derived from I know not what (divine) Breath continuing after the human being visited by the Breath is no longer with us. In spite of my rage against the poor taste of the Lisieux chapel, I am convinced that this chapel is full of fluids ready to act on people—sick, wretched, anxious—better provided with faith than I am."

This is not all; the volume is concluded with a few entirely orthodox pages on the possibility of an imitation of Saint Theresa in our daily lives. The vocabulary is not the one to which we are accustomed—often too accustomed—but the spirit is the truly Catholic spirit of submission and renunciation. Noticing the constant progress which page after page betrays, we are more touched than startled to read the final ex-voto:

> Saint Theresa of Lisieux:
>
> Like the juggler of Notre Dame, I have done for you what little I know how to do. Here is my book. Please accept it.
>
> Such as it is, with its fervor and its flippancy, its mockery and its exalted emotiveness, please accept it.
>
> I shall not take it over to your shrine—it is not permitted to light a candle there—but I beg of you to receive the tiny light I am trying to strike in minds, unreligious like mine, and not knowing you yet.
>
> Let this unhallowed wax, burned in homage to you, the half-sister of the Rose, convince you of my willingness and love. Amen.

What will be the effect of such a book? It scandalizes a few Catholics, but rejoices many others. Those of us who have lived long enough to remember how Tolstoyism, a mere imitation of Christianity, helped many of us to realize the value of the gem half forgotten in our hand, will not be ready to dismiss the matter with a mere statement that there are enough books written about Sister Theresa by Catholics: love and willingness, from any source, are contagious.

EDUCATING THE MUSICAL PUBLIC

By AVERY CLAFLIN

THE successful production of music requires cultural development in three distinct fields: composition, execution, appreciation. That the last of these is quite as important as the first has never been adequately stressed. Nor has any pragmatist yet pointed out that from his standpoint, the goal is not the creation or competent rendition of a work of music, but the bestowal upon its hearers of a maximum of pleasure and stimulation.

Ideal results can be obtained, provided the music is interesting, the executants competent, and the audience possessed of a degree of familiarity with musical literature and some critical discrimination. Reasons for the non-attainment of the ideal are variously ascribed. The musically well-educated deplore the general banality of our concert programs. The artists contend they must make them so, or starve. And so, the public gets blamed for the crudity of its tastes. Agreeing with André L'Hôte that neither the general public nor the snobs have the right to judge whether a work of art is good or bad, one must, none the less, admit that the former's gross ignorance limits drastically the scope of its own pleasure. Yet it is precisely the hearer whose education is being most thoroughly neglected.

A great deal of nonsense has been written about the development of a national music and a good many half-baked theories materialized to facilitate the advancement of the American composer. Indeed, the funds, prizes, scholarships, and inducements now established would have supported for life the great musicians of all time. The net result but provides a livelihood for a number of dubious musicians endowed thereby with a distorted estimate of their own merits. Yet it must be evident that the only permanent values in a composer are just those which cannot be taught; and similarly that the inculcable factors had best be left unlearned by those lacking the permanent ones. Only the second-rate musician is inspired by prizes. The born composer needs no further incentive to get his education and pursue his art. If he has the inspiration that will stand the ravages of time he will not be downed by the buffets of his own generation.

Rather than offer inducements to the American composer, suppose his path be made more thorny. This will obliterate the surplus of second-raters and not impede the genius any more than it did in the past. Händel's father tried to make a lawyer out of him. Schubert was a schoolmaster when he had to be. Schumann's mother obliged him to study jurisprudence. Berlioz was educated for medicine. Borodine was a chemist; Cui, a military engineer; Moussorgsky, a soldier; and Rimsky-Korsakof in the navy. Sawing through a few knots of life will develop a creative

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gift better than a milk and honey diet. Music can be produced like foie gras, but not music worth producing.

Perhaps the saddest spectacle in the musical world is that of the mediocre executants who will never be anything else. For the most part the blame is not entirely their own. They may have been misled by teachers eager for repute, or have had sponsors who pushed them for various reasons. In fact, our entire system of musical education must bear the censure. We drive the child to the piano before it can stretch an octave and set a teacher over it armed with some deadly exercises and insipid "pieces." We tell it to work assiduously and it will be amply rewarded in later years. Then we cite our own regrets at not having practised with more diligence, and suppose such virtuous repentance will have great weight. After a few years of torture the task is usually given up as a bad job. We have done our duty but the child just isn't musical. The poor child! It probably won't get over hating music for many a year. Small wonder, then, that we overestimate the ability of the survivors and literally force them into the arena. Leopold Auer, whose word in this is weighty, declares that only a few times in his whole experience has he "been able to deter parents who cherished . . . an ambition for their child, or to save the young 'virtuoso' from certain failure by inducing him to take up some other profession."

The devastating alternative to artistic success is an unpleasant subject for the aspirant or his sponsors to dwell upon. An executant in a good orchestra may get a recompensing joy out of his work but, generally speaking, the professional is too completely bound up with the business of music to get the same thrill out of it that the amateur does. What more dismal inferno for the man who loves the art than to plidge-plodge his way through life on the double-bass of a restaurant or theatre orchestra? Our teachers and conservatories will take a step in the right direction when they begin consistently to discourage professionalism. Fewer second-rate professionals and more first-rate amateurs will make of music a sounder, happier, and more cherished pursuit.

"And do many of your children go in for art?" was asked of Professor Císek at the Vienna School of Arts and Crafts. "Not as a rule," he replied, "they go into all sorts of professions and trades." Then adding, "That's quite right, that's what I like. I like to think of art coloring all departments of life rather than being a separate profession." In theory at least, Professor Císek is right; the genius colors life and the layman enjoys the coloring. But today, the products of genius are so manifold, so diffuse, and so complex that the appreciation and enjoyment of them is not as matter of fact as it was once. Some initiation is essential. And here is where education in music fails utterly. I believe four out of five people have a potential taste for music. But in at least three out of the four it goes to seed entirely. And in only an infinitesimal proportion of the survivors is it appreciably developed. How often is the remark heard, "I don't know anything about music, but I know what I like."

The initial difficulty is that musical literature is peculiarly inaccessible. The fleeting impressions of the concert hall, stabilized by next morning's newspaper criticism, account for what most adults know about music. Informal musicales or chamber music readings, which afford more intimate acquaintance with music, are rare in this age. And how many amateur libraries are there containing even a hundred volumes? As for juvenile education, the idea of giving the child some knowledge of musical literature does not enter into it. An instructor is hired to teach singing or playing an instrument. He goes about his task assuming that the goal is to produce a Malibran, a Liszt, or a Paganini, although a little common-sense reflection would convince him that practically none of his pupils will get anywhere professionally, and that, therefore, the one permanent value which he has much chance of instilling is an interest in the art. In the end the child may learn to play, but he won't have been taught much about music. Later on he may go to a college where there is a course on appreciation of music. I followed such a course once. It was very well attended, particularly by members of the football team, as the professor had the reputation of passing everyone. Besides, the only equipment needed was a good vocabulary of superlatives. Preliminary to playing a bit of Mozart I recall the old gentleman saying squeakily: "Now, gentlemen, when you hear this you will simply dissolve in pleasure." However, it required a more potent solvent than Mozart to melt the two-hundred-pound tackle beside me, or even distract him from preparing his math.

It is safe to say that anyone who knows musical literature even tolerably is 99 percent self-taught. Yet the problem is far from insoluble. If an effort is to be made it should first be centered upon fanning into flame the God-given sparks of interest. Here let it be said that Mrs. Justine Ward's system is a step in the right direction, although not yet quite comprehensively enough developed. Youth between the ages of ten and eighteen is curious and unprejudiced. It would be quite feasible in the course of ordinary school work to present a varied assortment of musical compositions through informal recitals, taking pains to stress the music rather than the execution. No attempt should be made at first to trace the historical development of music, but rather to offer works that are readily understood. The operettas of Arthur Sullivan make an excellent beginning. Weber, Rossini, and early Verdi are easily grasped. Also the simpler piano works of Chopin and Mendelssohn; and much of Schubert. After all, it is not learning to read

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which interests a child in literature, but coming in contact with stimulating experiences. A young mind cannot be expected to show any more interest in Bach than it would take in Chaucer.

It is far more important to stimulate an interest in any kind of music than to insist upon a purely classical diet. Likes and dislikes will change periodically. A taste for jazz at fifteen will be largely outgrown at twenty. If the students like Tschaikowsky, stuff them with it. Nothing is more ravaging to an inferior work than repetition. Once it is gotten across that music is a pleasure and not a chore, the development of taste will largely take care of itself.

As for adult education, free or low-priced concerts will always be valuable. Likewise public or semi-public rehearsals of our principal orchestras. And for the benefit of those who sing, or play instruments, the music collections in our circulating libraries should be improved. A thousand dollars judiciously spent will constitute a collection of all the important works of music. Yet the number of libraries possessing such a collection is ridiculously small. In Europe the principal music sellers have circulating pay collections, but the idea does not seem to have found favor here. To date, the greatest credit for the musical education of the public must be given to the phonograph and the radio, uniquely because they afford that intimate acquaintance and opportunity for repeated hearings which cannot be had in the concert hall.

But on the whole, the adult can be taught precious little about amusing himself. The channels into which his tastes have fallen solidify with age beyond alteration. On the other hand, juvenile education in music —as well as in singing and playing—would be a real achievement. Unfortunately, our boards of education are not noted for their sponsoring of the useless arts. The fact that, as Stendhal remarked of the Emperor Titus's Arch of Triumph, "anything so useless can afford so much pleasure," bears little weight. Still, what is life if not the pursuit of happiness?

THE SOUL OF YOUNG ITALY

By ROBERT SENCOURT

THE political movement which dominates Italy has found in Carlo Delcroix a literary genius whose fame may live with that of Mussolini. Delcroix is not simply a Fascista: but his books in their terrible eloquence and beauty are the evangel of that new enthusiasm which gave to Italy an impulse from victorious war that contrasts with the disillusionment that has touched France and made much of England pro-German. Through Fascismo Italy found in the war an inspiration, and Delcroix is the prophet of the salvation she has won from ardors and endurances. The People's War, and The Sacrifice of the Lord are the titles of his two earlier books, and such words as "Holy Sacrifice" would do as a title for any of them. But the others are Dialogues with the Crowd, and Seven Uncanonized Saints.

The theme which Delcroix repeats with variations, and with an increase of mastery and power, is the praise of suffering. In the modern age, and most of all among the admirers of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, suffering, against which human nature revolts in any case, has been treated either as cowardice or a delusion. But, as many know, it is not a delusion. To lose one's hands and one's eyes in one sudden ghastly explosion is, when all is said by Christian Scientists and done by medical scientists, still a calamity. Faith cannot restore the loss. The agony is acute. That was the discovery of Carlo Delcroix, and the war which brought such a disaster to all the fervors and activities of youth cannot simply be accepted or dismissed. If it was simply and solely the horrible calamity that it was, if it led to the glory of victory and revival in a country, then it involved some mysterious conflict, some tragic philosophical significance, some drama of the individual soul: and the words of Delcroix in their sensitiveness and passion are documents of his own history, of the life which admitted all the ghastliness of his calamity, and in doing so made it an inspiration.

A young captain in the bersaglieri when he lost his hands and his eyes, Carlo Delcroix is now one of the most powerful speakers in the Chamber of Deputies, after the Prince of Piemonte the most famous of Italy's young men, and a writer whose prose, as the world is beginning to realize, is not only prose but literature. It would be much for any young man of thirty to be; it is extraordinary in one blind and maimed. His writings tell how it happened that, being a young man of no particular mark at the time of his disaster, he has become famous in a few years. A man of will and courage he must always have been or he would not have turned with such disadvantages to make himself a doctor of law in the University of Siena, or aspired to wed the lovely daughter of a nobleman. Yet he has done both of these, because suffering has developed in him a greatness of which in his first happy days his companions never dreamed.

This is the story he tells in his last and best book, Seven Uncanonized Saints. "I lament," he writes, "my days of sadness when with eyes full of tears the soul never thirsted, but was fresh and lively as a dewy meadow. Misfortune lent me her greatness, weeping opened her poesy to me and, in conflict with

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the night, my wretched human lot became transfigured. The anguish of the crashed universe, of enchained youth and vanquished flesh was forgotten in the joy of the arising soul, and destiny itself was impotent against the will which changed menaces into smiles, and proscriptions into blessings. Every renunciation was a new wealth, every wound an archway into the future: my heart was one of bronze which at every blow rang louder with songs and prayers burning with devotion and trembling into harmony."

This is the philosophy of life which Delcroix discovered from his sorrow: pain is one with the struggle of life, and being the struggle with the powers of destruction, as Christianity showed us at the Crucifixion, is part of the mystery of the Divine nature. It needed God Himself, he tells us, to show how noble suffering is, and suffering is both glorious and inevitable. It is the privilege of being human. Take it away, and what is left to raise humanity? The writings of Delcroix are an impassioned comment on the moral that Professor Stephen Leacock drew from one of his humorous pictures of a life from which effort was eliminated. The Canadian professor makes us laugh over the absurd picture of the vegetable man. In an eager apostrophe, the young Italian exchanges the idea of that absurdity for a noble reminder of what life really is: "Man has always suffered, and always will suffer, and there is war every day, on every road, at every turn of life, in the very heart of the furnace, in the depths of the consciousness, sadder and not less fatal than that other war which is fought with canons, and in which sometimes one finds death sweetness. War is the synonym of life, and men's nails are always more poisonous than their bayonets. . . . Let us leave, then, to the people the altar of sacrifice, let us not cease to fight or suffer with our eyes upon the stars; life would be more vain and death more bitter if the altar became merely a table, and only the stomach was the reason for blood beating from the heart."

Let us rather, he argues, realize that the fuller life is, so much the fuller is the power both of effort and of feeling. Let us suffer from fevers of desire and feel how heavy is the burden of the flesh. Let us crave for light and truth as a man in a parched land thirsts for a cooling stream. In accepting the truth that life is a warfare, and in seeing that afflictions are its heroism, Delcroix found the way to deal with his own ghastly deprivations, and so finding the worth of sorrow, he learned to bless what had first driven him to the frenzies of despair. And who could fail to see that there is blessedness in an affliction which developed in a young soldier the power of writing with so much force and beauty?

Each of his seven uncanonized saints is one who has suffered a grievous affliction in the war: Luciano had lost his eyes, Pietro had lost his hands, Francesco was cut off by an injury to the spine from love in its consummation as generative joy, the face of Giovanni had been so terribly disfigured that people shuddered when they looked at him. We know that things of this kind happened in the war wherever it was fought. Delcroix makes clear to us what those sufferings really meant and mean still to many who are still among us, sometimes forgotten. The praise of what was sacrificed begins each of his studies, so that we shall know the poignant meaning of the blessings we often enjoy without conscious appreciation: he then turns to the horror of the surrender of them, and finally he points to the philosophy which transforms the affliction into a glory.

Let us take the case of Giovanni, and see with what exquisite sensitiveness of appreciation he realizes the story of the disfigured soldier. It is only imagination that can make sympathy real; the imagination of Delcroix melts all our hearts.

Beauty, he begins by saying, is God's best gift to man, and the countenance is the expression of the soul; no wound, therefore, is more terrible than that which deprives the soul of its power of being revealed: others can do the work of our hands, or even of our eyes. No one can do anything to remedy the loss of a man's face. To be belied by one's own aspect, to be eternally betrayed by the very image of oneself, to think and feel and give no sign of it more than a revolting and monotonous disfigurement: that is a torment few have realized, a sacrifice which the soldier who faces fear and death calmly fails to take into his prospect, an ordeal of which the bravest are afraid. What if anyone were to say to a healthy young peasant like Giovanni something of this kind: "You will come back, yes: but no one will know you and you will not know yourself, you will lament and you will shudder. You will have your hands, but you will neither reap nor sow; you will have your eyes, but you will never look out of them with delight at what you see. Women will be horrified at the sight of you, and children will flee from your caresses, and you will cry for the night when you neither will see nor will be seen. No one will accuse you—but you will be condemned: no one will proscribe you—but you will be an exile. All will look upon you and you will feel yourself a stranger, all will love and you will feel yourself deserted. You will, indeed, return to your home, but all will mourn for you and your mother herself will weep for you as one who is dead."

Giovanni had loved, had loved as a healthy young peasant would love: humbly but not without violence, with the love of all his soul and all his blood. His grace and vigor were full of promises and invitations: his youth of desires and chastity gave even his body the mystery of his ardors and his longings. Love and youth had consecrated his lodging to life as though it were a chapel prepared for a first communion.

The hut in which he slept was set on fire by a bomb, and from the burning rafters one fell which set his

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hair on fire, and burnt away all the flesh of his face.

It is the pains of fire by which man images his eternal castigation by God. It burns into the very fibres of his flesh and annihilates the trace of form.

He returned home a mass of bandages: his family could not reach through them to kiss him: they believed that beneath them there still remained a countenance. But the cure was worse than the disease, and he sorrowed when his eyes opened. Mirrors had been removed from the house, but he found his image in a pool where he used to lead the flocks to drink. It was a mask, covered with bleeding scars, formless and expressionless, as though it had been contracted in a spasm.

And he had all his senses, all his strength. But every look of compassion was like a fresh blow. And his mother who knew him as she had borne him, whole and beautiful, lit a candle before his picture as of one who had passed away. He had lost the most immediate means of expression; the image of his life was a lie.

One summer evening, between the fireflies and the stars, he saw the crucifix, and it spoke to him with a message brighter than the lights upon the altar: "If you wish to be understood, speak to the soul of the sufferer; if you wish to be taken in, knock at the doors of those who love. The treasure which the rich have denied will be offered by a beggar; the mercy which you have asked in vain from the triumphant will be given freely by the vanquished."

He went to the refuge of the blind; they knew his voice and heard that it was sweet; their eyes saw behind the hideous mask to the soul of the man, and their blindness gave him a beauty no fire could destroy, no time could change. He had his epiphany. It has led him not by a bright star to the cradle of the Redeemer, but by the deadly shadow of His passion and cross to the heavens of His resurrection.

So it was with Giovanni; like Luciano, Pietro, and Francesco he had discovered a nobler blessedness through pain; like them he had found the sufferings of his body negligible in comparison with the anguish of heart and mind in the loss of something more than a physical pleasure.

But in the case of the other three sufferers, the loss was of inward things only. Giuliano lost his religion, Andrea lost his hope of martial glory, and Massiano lost his sense of death as the crowning and consecration of life; he ceased to look at it as the gateway of eternity. But even Massiano felt that in accepting the utter desperation, the finality of slavery and sorrow was the beginning of a victory and the opening of an eternal freedom. Only Giuliano, who had even lost that memory of prayer which even those who do not pray recall from their childhood like the marvel of a vanishing dream, looked from a short day to a lifetime of darkness. Andrea, whose life had known the sacred hunger which turned his soul to fire and his heart to bronze, found himself disabled before he could once face conscious danger. But his return to his family told him there were other things than the most manly of ambitions.

Life is more mysterious than it first looks: and though pain is, indeed, the shadow thrown by the black form of evil, it is also the means of heroism. In a life in which there was no pain there would be no effort, and where there was no effort, there could be no heroism. In solving the problem of suffering, we solve the problem of evil.

There is a truth behind Mrs. Eddy's contentions. Evil is outside the scheme of things: in itself it does not exist. And yet between vice and virtue there is a contrariety. Evil then exists only in things which exist apart from it, as disease exists only in a body which should be healthy, and it tends to reduce them to annihilation or at least to formlessness. It attacks society as artillery attacks a town, reducing it from order to chaos. It is just the opposite of that divine life which gives us the model of human life in its creative sacrifice, in restoring to patterns of perfection the guilty life it drew from out the void before its guilt. And therefore it illuminates the dignity of heroes.

"Exalted into the eternal," says Delcroix, "sorrow vanquishes the night." If we accept our lot, we realize our heritage as the children of redemption. We look back on a history of nature's secrets being opened, and her powers put under the yoke. The ages are named after these conquests. But the world as a whole has still to know the powers and mysteries of the soul: when it knows them, it will recognize misfortunes as no longer fate but providence. Not a contagion, not a condemnation, not a shame, suffering will still exist, uniting men with the sacrifice of love which, with unending toil and pain, drew patterns of eternal perfection from chaos and old night, and which offers men a more perfect blessedness in exchange for all the failures by which they mar the order it had made.

Air for Viola da Gamba

Do you remember now how rain
Ran thickly down each window pane,
And clouds of lilac were as blurred
As old sonatas dimly heard?
We sat beside a hemlock blaze
And felt the glow of coming days.
Ah, there were only just we two,
And laughter leaping up the flue.

And do you know how still the rain
Is, now, upon each leaded pane,
And breath of lilacs, wet and thin,
Comes timidly and wanders in?
You took my heart that rainy day
And then you went—went far away.
You went between the lilac row,
(How does that old sonata go?)

JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH.

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CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL

By HILAIRE BELLOC

THE other day I found myself in a provincial town abroad where there was a large cathedral church. On the south side of the southwestern door of this church there was an angel quite fifteen feet high. He was carved in stone and looked as though he were younger than King John of England but older than Saint Louis of France. He had bobbed hair and a pleasing but exceedingly intriguing smile and he wore a fringe. In his hand he held pressed up against his chest ("stomach," I would have said, were it not for the respect I owe him) a large round dial, which was a sundial; and the rusted gnomon was still there, marking the hours.

As I stood looking at him he asked me whether I could suggest a motto for his sundial, for it had none.

I said: "It seems to me a very silly thing to have given you a sundial without a motto, since it is proper to sundials to have mottoes—sometimes good, sometimes bad—usually bad."

He said that he agreed with me, but that the reason no motto had been put upon this sundial was that the man who had made it could not write, and that was why he was such a good artist, "for," said the Angel, "you must admit that I am extraordinarily well made."

I agreed with him, but said that it was no cause for self-gratulation but rather for congratulating the artist. To this the Angel assented, but not very graciously. I would have gone on to draw a moral from this and have explained to the Angel never to be proud of any talent whatever, let alone of the mere body, even if it were fifteen foot high and of stone, because such things are gifts. The only things which we can fully call our own are our vices, and even of this I told him scientific men are now in some doubt. But he cut me short by asking me again whether I had a motto for him.

I thought a little while and then said to him: "I can only give you a motto in English." Our conversation up to this had been conducted in a simple kind of chronicle Latin and in early French; the langue d'Oil. He said that all languages were the same to him and that he understood them all. I did not believe this. But I gave him his motto, which I wrote out on a postcard so as to remember it—

> In sweet deluding lies let fools delight,
> A shadow marks our days, which end in night.

The Angel said it was very pretty, and very nice, indeed. He then said (after a pause) that because I had a sort of pronunciation different from what he was used to, he had not quite caught my meaning. I translated it for him into the Language of Oil, whereat he was somewhat taken aback and said: "I certainly could not have a motto like that! It is unchristian! You must give me another." So I gave him—

> Suns may set, and suns may rise,
> Our poor eyes,
> When their little light is past,
> Droop and go to sleep at last.

The Angel thought a moment (if what Angels do can be called "thinking") and then said:

"I turn it down. It is unchristian. Besides which, it is an imitation of Catullus, and I meet poor dear Catullus too often to run the risk of bad translations of him on his dial."

I asked him how he could meet Catullus, seeing he was stuck up on a wall and had not been able to move for all these centuries and centuries. He said it was the immortal part of him that met Catullus, and I said that I could make neither head nor tail of what he was talking about, whereat he began a long discourse upon images and their habiting spirits, their dual function, the limits of the veneration that should be paid to them, and I don't know what and all. But I interrupted him by asking why he had not noticed the real advantage of the motto, which was that it did not apply to sundials, and that caused him to ask me to try again.

I thought a little while about it, as is my custom when I compose immortal verse, and produced this—

> How slow the shadows creep, but when 'tis passed,
> How fast the shadows fall: How fast! How fast!

"What was that?" said the Angel.

"That was my third motto," said I, proudly.

"I don't like it," said the Angel. "In the first place, it is not true. In this climate it is well known that night comes very slowly, there is a prolonged twilight. I watch it out of the corner of my right eye every fine evening. You ought to thank heaven that you are of the North, to talk about the night 'ruining down' is to talk like a nigger."

"I never did say that night 'ruined down'," I answered. "I wouldn't dream of using such Drury Lane language."

"No, but your sort do," reiterated the Angel, "and that was the kind of thing you had in mind."

"Nor does it matter whether the thing is true or not, the point is the poetry," I retorted.

"Not in mottoes," said the Angel. "In mottoes the point is also the truth, as the butter merchant said when he bought a peerage and took the motto, 'Dieu seul'."

"Well," said I, "if you don't like my motto you can leave it. I am sorry you should do so because it

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is a very good motto. I know that it is good because I feel at the back of my mind that I copied it from somewhere. Verses that are traditional and copied from somewhere unconsciously are always better than your original, sudden, uncooked stuff. But if you don't like it, as I say, you can leave it."

"I will," said the Angel.

"Shall I make you yet another?" I asked, being now filled with vanity in spite of my rebuffs, and also warming to my work as poets will after the first half hour.

"If you like," said the Angel, without enthusiasm.

So I again thought for some time, remaining silent and attempting to compose. At last he could bear it no longer and said, "Hurry up." I told him that it was hopeless. I had no more mottoes for sundials. In fact, he might have seen for himself that I was petering out by the way in which the middle one had not fitted in. "Then," said he, "if you have no more mottoes for sundials, I have no more use for you and I shall not say another word," nor did he.

I still addressed him, with irony, with solicitude, with insult, with affection, with command, in all the seven moods which inflect the Basque vocative. But he remained dumb, nobly illustrating the sentiment of the psalm, In Exitu, wherein it is thundered out that images of stone have mouths but cannot speak and cannot clamor their gutterals. I gave it up as a bad job and left him for the night so that he might have time to recover his temper, but when I went back the next morning before taking my train, to see whether he was in a more genial mood, he still remained offensively and pig-headedly silent, carrying his ironical smile in a fixed, exasperating manner which showed me that he knew all about the great world. So I left him to it, and was gone.

I have asked one or two friends who have been in the place since. Some say they have spoken with him, others say they have not. I believe those who say they have not, partly because it makes me proud to think I was the only man with whom he exchanged words during that long space of seven centuries, and partly because I thought I knew, of course, that statues certainly can speak and do so on occasion, yet those occasions are exceedingly rare.

That conversation with the Angel was held nearly a month ago, and during all that time I have not been able to make up any more mottoes for sundials.

The First Violet

"Pardon, little stranger,
Have you lost your way?"
(Never princess so forlorn,
Gold and purple gay.)

"Oh, sir, you are kindly met"—
(What tears were in her eyes!)
"I must have tumbled out of bed
Last night in paradise."

SISTER MARY LOUIS

COMMUNICATIONS

CHOIRS FOR A NEW AGE

Garrison, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—As a former member of Solesmes community; a pupil of Dom Mocquereau, Dom Gatard, and Dom Gajard, and an alumnus of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, I should like to criticize some statements made by Mr. Grenville Vernon in his article, Choirs for a New Age (The Commonweal of March 24). Mr. Vernon writes: "It cannot be too often repeated that the Gregorian music and the Latin language constitute the official public prayer of the Church—a universal music and a universal language." Doubtless this is in accord with Mrs. Justine Ward's opening paragraph of Gregorian Chant: "Gregorian Chant is the official music of the Catholic Church as Latin is her official language." Both statements contain a number of errors. "Gregorian" is a misnomer for the plainsong of the Roman rite because it leads persons to imagine that Saint Gregory was the composer of the text of the Vatican kyrial, gradual and antiphoner. A more accurate name would be "Roman plainsong." Moreover, it is impossible historically to prove that Saint Gregory the Great ever was a Benedictine. The official court languages of the Holy See are Latin, French, and Italian; the canonical liturgical languages of the Roman Church are Church Latin and old Slavonic (in Glagolitic characters). There is no official and unique liturgical language or liturgical musical text of the Catholic Church for the Eucharistic worship of Catholicism is performed under Roman, Byzantine, Alexandrine, Antiochene, Armenian, and Edessene forms in the following languages: Church Latin, old Slavonic (in Cyrillic and Glagolitic characters) modern Rumanian, modern Arabic, Church Greek, old Armenian, old Syriac (two dialects) Gregorian, modern Magyar, Coptic, and Geez.

"The proper execution of Gregorian Chant and music written in the Gregorian spirit" may be "extraordinarily difficult" for worldlings but Saint Thomas's saying remains true: "So far as a man, through the effect upon him of divine praise, is lifted upwards toward God, by so far is he withdrawn from those who are in opposition to God."

I suppose the members of the movement that has its dynamic centre in the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, already appreciate the disadvantages of their method, but it is only fair to voice what a number of persons think to be the weaknesses of Mrs. Ward's method and school. Pius X School seems to be predominantly—though not exclusively, of course—a feminist activity. Mr. Vernon tells us: "Only last week, no less a figure than Cardinal O'Connell invited the girls' choir of the Pius X School to sing at High Mass in the Cathedral in Boston. . . . This act of the Cardinal ought to affect the future of music. . . . The choir of the Pius X School is composed of girls belonging to the Church of the Annunciation who are taught by the religious of the Sacred Heart, and at present it sings the Mass each Sunday at that Church. Moreover, so many of the younger members of the congregation have been or are pupils of the Pius X School, that the congregation itself now joins in the singing." Very likely Mrs. Ward has found, through saddening experience, that Catholic young men are quite hopeless so far as liturgical singing is concerned. For this reason, she limits her activities to children and looks to the future rather than to the immediate present.

This policy, in my estimation, has two possible dangers.

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The normal training received by plainsong apostles at Pius X School fits teachers to teach girls but sometimes it is quite unadaptable to boys. Popular chironomy is desirable, but is it always practicable? If girl choirs are the best and quickest means to congregational plainsong, let us indeed have and encourage such choirs. I have been told that the Ward method wonderfully develops latent musical ability in the child but that its success in founding a true, popular, and liturgical plainsong tradition is not so evident. We must wait and see.

The Ward Method has been criticised unfavorably because of the fact that it develops the voice in an indirect, individual way—that there is no systematic training in voice production. Very few Englishmen or Americans know how to speak well. Proper breathing, timbre, sound production, and articulation are quite as essential to the art of good congregational singing as an intelligent grasp of the principles of rhythmic phrasing or Latin grammar.

We ought to aim at the best. Actually, this means that it is our duty to shun the less worthy texts of plainsong. Why tolerate the Missa de Angelis longer than is necessary to bridge the gulf between pious jazz and the sacred melodies of, let us say, the unadultered kyrie, Orbis Factor, to be found in the appendix to the kyrial? The most archaic and beautiful pieces of Roman plainsong are oftentimes the simplest. Metrical hymns, organs, segregated choirs, and private devotions are the greatest hindrances to, and enemies of, liturgical worship among Roman Catholics. Freely rhythmical, unaccompanied, popular singing of the Church's Mass prayers are what is wanted.

Is it not quite remarkable that in our day the Harvard Glee Club should sing in concert the third Mass of Christmas? Organs and rosaries and choirs have their proper time and place, but their time and place is not in church during the singing of the common of the Mass. Catholics of the Byzantine rite are able to enlighten western Catholics on this matter. Greek Catholics have never lost the tradition of popular liturgical singing. Said Clement of Alexandria (who, contrary to the statement in the Catholic Encyclopedia Supplement, p. 466, is not a saint of the Church): "What is more pleasing to God than to hear the whole Christian people sing to Him in unison?"

LAWRENCE MAYNARD GRAY.

PEACE WITH MEXICO

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—In the article, Peace with Mexico, by Mr. William Franklin Sands [The Commonweal, May 5] it is stated that "the present situation in Mexico may be viewed from three angles of interest . . . third, the broad question of the rights of Mexicans in spiritual matters as against their own government. With the third it is safe to posit that our government has nothing whatever to do." May I affirm that in the face of historical fact it is not only not safe but very false to posit any such assumption as Mr. Sands makes in this particular context.

The United States recognized on October 19, 1915, the government of Carranza as a de facto government. In 1916 the United States Senate, acting upon the request of President Wilson, gave de jure recognition to the same Carranza government, but only after it had received the most solemn assurances from Señor E. Arredondo, representing the constitutionalist government, that Mexico would respect the freedom of religion and of education of all Mexican citizens. The letter of Señor Arredondo to Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, is explicit:

"Complying with your excellency's request asking me what is the attitude of the constitutionalist government in regard to the Catholic Church in Mexico, I have the honor to say that inasmuch as the reëstablishment of peace within order and law is the purpose of the government of Mr. Venustiano Carranza, to the end that all the inhabitants of Mexico without exception, whether nationals or foreigners, may equally enjoy the benefits of true justice, and hence take interest in cooperating to the support of the government, the laws of reform, which guarantee individual freedom of worship according to everyone's conscience, shall be strictly observed. Therefore, the constitutionalist government will respect everybody's life, property, and religious beliefs without other limitation than the preservation of public order and the observance of the institutions in accordance with the laws in force and the constitution of the republic." (Senate Document No. 324, Sixty-fourth Congress.)

Mr. Lansing, however, was not content with forwarding to the Senate these verbal promises. He himself stated that it was the belief of the Department of State that conditions would soon be bettered if we recognized Carranza and that Mexico would respect the rights of religion as all civilized nations do, and that his government would do all it could in a friendly manner to see that such rights were respected. Because of these promises the United States Senate finally recognized Carranza. As is well known, President Carranza failed to keep his promises. In 1917 the present Mexican constitution was voted by a hand-picked military convention without any reference, at that time or since, to the Mexican people for approval. This constitution both proscribes religion and destroys educational freedom.

In the light of these facts I venture the judgment that the United States should be very much concerned with the "rights of Mexicans in spiritual matters" if for no other reason than that its trust has been shamefully abused by a foreign nation and its faith in promises solemnly made put to a severe test.

REV. JAMES H. RYAN.

REGARDING MEXICO

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor:—I feel that The Commonweal should be commended for the publication of its several articles on Mexico in the issue of May 5, especially the letters from Dr. John A. Ryan and Mr. Carlton J. H. Hayes. Certainly, as Mr. Hayes points out, nothing is to be gained, and much lost, by attempts to "whitewash" the record of the Church in Mexico. Besides, it isn't necessary. The Church has a glorious record in Mexico. But she did, in the persons of some of her Spanish hierarchy, make mistakes; and it is her misfortune that the motive which first gave rise to those mistakes has been lost sight of. That motive, as even partisan readers of history must admit, was zeal for the evangelization of the country, a zeal which resulted in the surrender to the secular arm of too many privileges which rightly belonged only to the spiritual. Still, in principle, the Church remained right in opposing the violence to which Hidalgo's inflamed followers resorted.

It was largely out of that frustrated violence that the Mexican anti-clerical movement grew.

Dr. Ryan's protest against the "diabolism" theory is likewise to the point. That the reds, the communistic fanatics,

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have taken advantage of the situation in Mexico is, of course, obvious, especially to anyone who visits Mexico now or has visited it during the past year. But, as Dr. Ryan infers, this does not explain everything. The mistakes of the past must also be reckoned in the accounting.

But the point that I would make is this: that The Commonweal is to be commended and congratulated for publishing letters like those mentioned above. It is refreshing to read a Catholic paper which opens its columns to free discussion of this sort. You could not serve the cause of truth in a better way than this.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

AMERICAN CATHOLIC EDUCATION

Washington, D.C.

TO the Editor:—Since Reverend Charles B. Largan, S.J., has consented to carry a step further the discussion of American Catholic education begun in The Commonweal some months ago, and evidently agrees with me thereby that this discussion is clarifying and useful, may I be permitted a rejoinder?

Father Largan renews emphasis upon numbers, upon civic prominence proportionate to numbers.

May I make it clear that I am not speaking of these things primarily? I am speaking of quality, not numbers; real, not artificial quality. I am speaking of present and future Catholic influence upon American civilization and culture through Catholic education; education as distinct from schooling. I am using "Catholic" and "education" in their full meaning. My question still stands.

One other point calls for comment. My correspondent again emphasizes prejudice, "ingrained bias" in America against Catholics. With deference to his opinion, I disagree, out of ample experience.

It is apparently necessary to establish that experience. Without going further into personal matters I would remind Father Largan that the professional public service of my paternal grandfather, my father, and myself total 140 years of closest intimacy with public life. All three of us have encountered ignorance, certainly; prejudice, sometimes thinly veiled, sometimes unconcealed, of course; never, general, hampering enmity because of religion. Never has any such thing interfered with the public career of any of us, nor has any of us ever encountered such a case.

Moreover, prejudice against Catholics as persons professing a religion is not even a difficulty in public life. In private life a sincere Catholic who knows his faith, is everywhere respected and always has been, in the United States. This obsession of lurking hostility, of persecution, is largely inherited from other times, when it was real in other lands. In America today it is a confusion of "Catholic" with other things having nothing to do, intrinsically, with our religion.

I must disagree also with Father Largan's illustration of this "ingrained bias" as evidenced by a recent senatorial confirmation to an important commission. I happen to know this case personally. In my judgment the injection of religious hostility against the President's appointee was a powerful reason for the size of the favorable majority vote. Senators who disagreed with the commissioner on debatable grounds would not stand the implication of voting against him on religious grounds.

There has never been a time in American history when Americans were so sincerely interested as they are today in religion and, in particular, the Catholic Church; never a time when discussion was more free and more generally intelligent.

Real religious hostility may come. The whole reason of my writing so persistently on this subject lies in my belief that if it comes it will grow out of our own fault; not in the least degree out of our religion.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

ALBERTUS MAGNUS COLLEGE

New Haven, Conn.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of May 5, 1926, on page 705, (under the column headed Week by Week) there is a paragraph devoted to Albertus Magnus College. The college is extremely grateful for such favorable notice from a Catholic weekly of The Commonweal's high standing. The trustees, however, have asked me to request you to correct one or two impressions which your words might convey. In the first place, the college has no official connection with Yale University. It was located in New Haven so that the faculty and students might have the privilege that a great university through its library, museum, collections, and public lectures can bestow on the residents of the city in which it is situated. Yale has been extremely generous in allowing Albertus Magnus, and especially its faculty, the full use of its facilities, and moreover in allowing certain Yale instructors to do part time work on the faculty of Albertus Magnus. There is not, nor does either institution desire that there ever be, any such association as exists, say, between Harvard and Radcliffe.

In the second place, the faculty is at present almost equally divided between laymen and religious. The trustees expect the proportion eventually to be one-third lay and two-thirds religious, but they hope always to have a strong lay faculty, including outstanding Catholic scholars in the various fields.

Finally, we are not "dedicated especially to giving instruction in Thomistic philosophy." It is true that the curriculum is to some extent built around the course in philosophy, but this course occupies only twenty semester hours of the 120 required for graduation, and every student must take twenty hours in some other field during her junior and senior years.

NICHOLAS MOSELEY.

FRENCH CATHOLICISM

Paris, France.

TO the Editor:—I have just read Mr. Frank H. Spearman's letter to you, under the title, French Catholicism: A New Era, in your issue of April 14. Mr. Spearman evidently attaches importance to the explanation of the seeming tolerance by French Catholics of their un-Catholic governments, given to him by a French missionary of the name of Sullivan. "Frenchmen are first nationalists; afterward, Catholics."

Such terse formulas are always successful with a section of the American public: otherwise I should not protest against the publicity given to this one. Should there be handy in Hollywood, California, an Irish missionary of the name of Durand or Dupont, I would advise Mr. Spearman to ask him how it is that the Frenchmen in the Chambers, in the professions, and in the country at large, who are taxed with nationalism, are invariably the champions of religion. There is more in a name than Mr. Spearman seems to think, and when it comes to facts, not notions, I would much sooner believe Father Durand than le Révérend Père Sullivan.

ERNEST DIMNET.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Romantic Young Lady

THAT amazing institution, the Neighborhood Playhouse, has cut a little acting cameo to lay beside its earlier gems of this season. It is a far journey from the mystic power of The Dybbuk to the airy gentleness of The Romantic Young Lady, but the splendidly trained repertory players of the Neighborhood take it swiftly and easily each week, alternating in the two plays and giving to each a style completely and absorbingly its own.

Helen and Granville Barker have translated this play from the Spanish of Martinez Sierra, and if their work is as faithful to the original as it is adroit, one must grant that Sierra excels in the delicate art of high comedy. He has the great gift of kindliness and understanding, and the care with which he avoids farce by a deft individualization of his characters would make an excellent object lesson for just such a caustic creator of types as Munro. Here and there one finds a sophisticated allusion, but not in the offensively advertised fashion of most of our heavy-footed American writers. The tone throughout the greater part is constructive, with only occasional overindulgence toward the waywardness of men in a man's world. This is more than one can say of nine out of ten comedies served up on Broadway during the last two seasons.

With this warning and comparison, we can pass eagerly to the acting. Mary Ellis takes the part of Rosario—the young lady of romantic ideals who finds her real romance at last in the person of Luis Felipe de Cordoba, a writer of romantic novels. Miss Ellis has as fine a gift for comedy as for the rich tragedy of Leah in The Dybbuk. In the romantic sighings of the first act, the petulance of the second, and the capitulation of the third, she keeps, for the most part, to a welcome naturalness. But there are moments when her voice sings a trifle too softly, and others where she yields to the obvious temptation to farce the action. There is, for example, a metallic burst of tears in the second act which jumps Rosario abruptly out of character. One feels that Miss Ellis has not bestowed quite the loving care on this part that it merits—forgetting that true high comedy is often a greater test of acting than even the noblest tragedy.

Dorothy Sands as Rosario's infinitely wise and captivating grandmother really merits the acting first honors. This is the first time in months that I have seen a young actress create a credible old lady—with no mincing break of the voice, no absurdly tottering steps, and no forgetfulness of the utter charm which may clothe the dignity of age. Miss Sands has a genius for characterization and for stylized acting as against rather less ability for merely type parts. Paula Trueman also has some engaging moments in the smaller part of a secretary whom she manages to make thoroughly individual and clear cut.

Ian Maclaren is at his best as the novelist—paternal, understanding, and romantic by turns, with a fine sense of the best meaning of comedy. Unlike Miss Ellis, he is never guilty of touching the farce key. If his diction seems at times a trifle heavy, it is at least and as always gratefully clear, and achieves here and there an admirable tenderness. Harold Minjer in his eighteenth rôle in two years, this time as an old man, shows again his consistent progress toward creative artistry. Some day more and more actors will realize the extraordinary benefits which repertory production brings to their work and also to their reputations. The mere pleasure which audiences and critics alike find in the comparison of work from one production to another must soon find its way back stage and bring its deserved measure of compensation for hard and unremitting work. The Neighborhood Playhouse, in championing repertory, is doing a splendid work for the American actor as well as for the entire American stage.

The Importance of Being Earnest

THIS harmless, if pleasantly unconvincing bit of farce by Oscar Wilde, has fallen into good hands again in the current Actors' Theatre revival. With Dudley Digges at the directing helm, and also acting the part of Canon Chasuble, with Reginald Owen completely farcing that champion sandwich eater, Algy Moncrieff, and Patricia Collinge making herself altogether captivating as Cecily Cardew, the evening rolls quickly enough to an early curtain.

But it would be a mistake to rank the play, as given, much above high-class vaudeville. Apparently, audiences come to a Wilde comedy prepared to shriek with laughter—with the result that even the most obvious gags get by and much of the quieter humor and more of the higher satire are slightly lost. This particular plays is hardly a test of one's appreciation of intellectual comedy, and there is no use flattering one's self that it is. It is good fun and clean fun, never comes within a mile of realities, and is acted this time by a good company obviously having an enjoyable time. If the Actors' Theatre can see dramatic salvation only in obvious and not very stimulating revivals, perhaps one should ask no more of them than this. Yet—always—there is that Neighborhood Playhouse downtown giving repeated object lessons in what a higher quality of imagination can achieve.

The Servant in the House

THE chief interest in this revival is the fact that it shows us Walter Hampden once more in a rôle which he created in this country—that of Manson, the oriental butler who comes into a worldly English vicarage as a symbol of Christ-like brotherhood and poverty of spirit. The casting in the Actors' Theatre revival last year was better balanced and the entire play moved with a quicker and more effective pace, but Mr. Hampden himself does read into many of the more inspired lines a singular vision, dignity, and commanding beauty. There can be no question of the fineness of his personal achievement.

Of the play itself, I can only repeat with added emphasis what I intimated last year, that it is far from a work of dramatic genius or of true insight into mystical Christianity. It says a great deal of the brotherhood of man and implies very little of the Fatherhood of God—a great deal about the power of persistent and egotistical "wishing" and nothing about humble praying. Manson frequently commands through his power of soul-reading and his will, but rarely persuades through the genius of love. Add to this an annoying self-conscious-

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ness in symbolism and incident, and a lack of adequate motivation for many of the amazingly rapid reformations of character, and you find little cause for rejoicing in a play that must have offered limitless opportunities to the mind of a really great playwright. On the other hand, it has many very poignant situations, a great deal of zealous abhorrence of hypocrisy, and many very lofty, if incomplete, passages of spiritual beauty. From now on this play will be given the first half of each week, and the resplendent Cyrano the latter half.

Beau-Strings

THIS is the last-minute name of the second comedy of C. K. Munro which opened recently. Its general theme is amazingly like Mrs. Beam's—the type portrait of an old maid's activities in a summer hotel—and its faults are even more marked, in that it has less plot and indulges even more openly the author's youthful and sentimental desire to set unmarried couples in the seats of the mighty.

At Mrs. Beam's, the unmarried pair of thieves completely triumphs in wit and human depth over the inmates of the boarding house. In Beau-Strings, the author's mouthpiece for human charity and understanding is one Storm, the unmarried companion of Dennis Welch, a concert singer. Her good points are everywhere contrasted with the destructive beguilements of Miss Gee. Storm is plainly, in Mr. Munro's mind, the heroine of the piece. This is perhaps sufficient comment on the immature and as yet confused state of Munro's mind and judgment. He still sees life in pigeonholes, and in hitting back at its frequently cruel smugness, he uses a broken weapon. Perhaps this is the quality which Shaw finds kindred to his own and admires.

Just as a matter of theatrical record, and without in any way recommending the play, it must be said that Estelle Winwood as the neurotic Miss Gee has done an extremely clever bit of portraiture and that Miss Joan Maclean has made Storm quite as sympathetic and engaging as the author intends. These are the bright spots in a long and tiresome and out-of-joint evening.

(The title-page and index for Volume III of The Commonweal are now ready, and will be sent upon request. Arrangements have been made for binding Volume III in leather or in cloth, information regarding which will be supplied on application to The Commonweal.)

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BOOKS

Memoirs of Leon Daudet, edited and translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. New York: Dial Press. $5.00.

LEON DAUDET is one of those men whom France asks us not to take seriously. Every nation rejoices in a few exuberant eccentrics who provide excellent entertainment for the home but who should be restrained from giving public performances abroad. There are many Englishmen, for instance, who chuckle over the die-hard editorials in Blackwood's Magazine, but they would be aghast if they knew how many women's clubs in the Middle-West accept those editorials as a fair statement of British public opinion. In the same way, the section of Americana in the American Mercury, delightful as it is, is hardly the reading we would press into the hands of the thoughtful immigrant.

These memoirs of Leon Daudet, a selection from his six volumes of souvenirs published between 1913 and 1922, are not dull. That is negative praise, but so much buffoonery of today is dull that the fact is worth mentioning. Daudet has none of his father's imagination and none of his father's kindliness. Everyone instinctively loves Alphonse Daudet just as everyone loves Dickens, unless he is afraid of being thought old-fashioned, but Leon Daudet, passionately as he admires his father, has inherited only one small corner of the paternal mantle. He has the same genius for external characterization. No man can hit off more deftly peculiarities of speech, or manner, or appearance. He has met all the literary, political, and artistic celebrities in France of the last thirty years, and he displays them like so many wax puppets. We learn that Zola lisped, that Dreyfus had a traitor's complexion, that Monet was bearded and extremely cultured, and that Victor Hugo had a sensual handwriting, whatever that may be.

The torrent of anecdote and comment sweeps the reader along without any effort on his part. There are good things scattered here and there, of which one of the best is Oscar Wilde's letter to Daudet proclaiming himself the simplest, most candid of mortals, "just like a tiny, tiny child." All this is pleasant reading for those who have an appetite for the hors-d'oeuvres of literary criticism. If he is not actually witty Daudet is always caustic or scurrilous, and he has a trick of writing at the top of his voice that dragoons our attention. It is only when we come to the last chapter that we are reminded that this bellicose journalist is the champion of a lost cause. There is reason for his hatred of Victor Hugo, of Zola, of all politicians and all Jews, indeed for everything that has happened since 1789. He is an irreconcilable Royalist who has finally convinced himself that no good thing can come out of the third republic. Literature is only his avocation, his real work is the restoration of the Orleans family, for which he and his friend, Charles Maurras, a much abler man, have been pleading daily in the columns of the Action Française for the last twenty years.

Whether we are interested or not in the French Pretender of the moment, the Action Française is excellent reading. Daudet occupies two columns of the front page with scathing invective, and Maurras another two columns with a brilliant display of dialectics. The policy of the paper is quite simple. It is devoted to the service of the king and the Church and French nationalism. "The monarchy must be set up," says Maurras, "just as all governments in the world have been set up—by force." "The king is dead, long live the king,"

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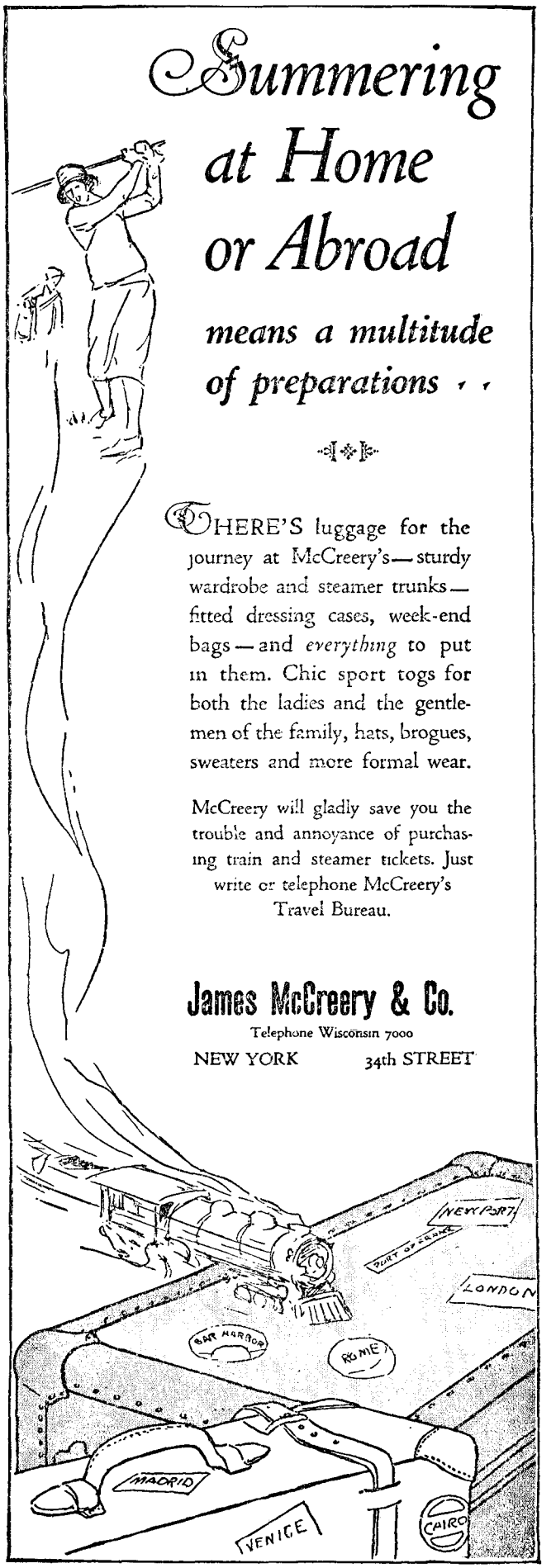
was the characteristic comment of the Action Française on the recent death of the Duc d'Orléans. While the Pretender has naturally been grateful to the editors of the Action Française, the Church has not enjoyed being linked with those truculent Royalists. Since 1893 the great majority of French Catholics have followed the advice of Leo XIII and have rallied to the support of the existing government. It has not been easy for the ardent Catholic to wax enthusiastic over the dreary succession of anti-clerical ministries, but the effort has been gallantly made, and the success of such widely circulated papers as the Ouest Eclair and La Croix effectually disproves the old theory that a good Catholic could not be a good Republican. At the same time anti-clericals have always been able to fall back on the editorial policy of the Action Française whenever they needed ammunition. There they would be sure to find Daudet vociferating like a naughty schoolboy, and Maurras explaining with sweet reasonableness, that democracy and Catholicism were mutually exclusive.

Naturally the Church is not responsible for their opinions, but she cannot ignore the fact that at every religious ceremony the Action Française is strongly represented, and that it was the Camelots du Roi, an organization built up by Daudet and Maurras, who revived the Joan of Arc festival in Paris, and made it a great Catholic occasion. Curiously enough, Maurras himself is an agnostic who supports the Church on purely utilitarian grounds. He regards it as an invaluable cement binding individuals into nations, without which the whole structure of France must inevitably collapse. Daudet, while he is technically a Catholic, is not exactly an ornament to the Faith. His divorce from his first wife, a granddaughter of Victor Hugo, and his recent novels, one of which evoked a reproof from Cardinal Dubois, have cost him the respect of many Catholics who might be inclined to share his political views. Recently many of Daudet's critics have rallied to his side. Just over a year ago his fourteen-year-old son was found dead in the most suspicious circumstances. There is some question whether he committed suicide or whether he was murdered by Communists. Daudet has convinced himself that the police are withholding certain information that will lead to the discovery of the murderer.

If we were to judge by comments in other newspapers, the Action Française and the whole Royalist movement is a glorious joke—the kind of joke that the revue artist can rely upon when all else fails. The present Chamber of Deputies contains eleven Royalists who frequently find themselves voting with the Communists against any policy of moderation. In the last election Daudet himself lost his seat; and yet the circulation of his paper is always growing and the Ligue d'Action Française extends to every corner of France. The outsider can hardly help wondering why, if the idea of a monarchy is a joke, the late Duc d'Orléans was never allowed to set foot in the country. It seems strange that in 1914, when every Frenchman was needed, the services of all members of the Orleans and Buonaparte families were curtly declined.

Criminals were given a chance to redeem themselves, but the republic had no use for any man whose ancestors had been kings or emperors. The only excuse for this refinement of cruelty is that Royalism is not a joke. Perhaps the government felt that the average Frenchman is not yet so wedded to the idea of a republic that he is proof under any conditions against the fascinations of a coup d'etat. A curious proof of the vitality of Royalism is found in the title of an interest-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ing book written by Marcel Sembat, a Socialist, shortly before the war—Faites un Roi, sinon faites la Paix.

One of the interesting things about the Royalist movement is that it is essentially unromantic. It does not spring from any sentimental devotion to the house of Orleans or from any vague yearning for the splendor of the ancient régime. Daudet managed to fool himself into thinking that the Duc d'Orléans was a great man, but the majority of Royalists are not particularly interested in the personality of the Pretender. What they are interested in is a hereditary system of government which can be realized only by a king. While we persist in thinking that a good Royalist must dream of a coach drawn by six milk-white steeds clattering up to the Tuileries, such men as Maurras dream of a consistent foreign policy. Say what you will in favor of democracies, it has yet to be proved that any democratic government can plan and carry through a far-sighted and unbroken policy. In the United States this does not matter, because there are only a few people interested in foreign affairs, and the general welfare of the country is comparatively independent of conditions in Europe. In France, it need hardly be said, the duty toward one's neighbor becomes a more pressing problem. Between 1870 and 1895 thirty-five ministries were formed and broken. Is it to be wondered at, says Maurras, that during that period of chaos the third republic became a mere pawn in the game between Germany and England.

Not long ago Briand complained that the Chamber of Deputies was congenitally incapable of understanding finance. That is probably true, and as long as the Chamber remains supreme in France without the Senate or the president being able to act as a balance, the wishes of the better class of citizens will always be nullified. It is possible, of course, to change the Constitution of 1875, but the Royalist sees no hope in such changes. He is convinced that government by the Chamber of Deputies will never work because it is alien to the spirit of the French people. Parliamentary government is an English institution and it has remained English in spite of its transformations. Democracy and liberalism have nothing Latin about them and consequently nothing French; they come via England from the forests of Germany.

It is not difficult to criticize democracy, and Maurras has raked the whole theory of democracy fore and aft. We have only suggested the general line of his argument. Granting for a moment the justice of his arraignment how will a monarchy undertake to cure the diseases of the state? In the first place it will take the government out of the hands of Jews, Freemasons, and Protestants, and give it back to the small landowner where it rightly belongs. Decentralization and continuity are the two watchwords of Royalist policy. The whole tendency of the republic has been to eradicate local patriotism. The prefects of the eighty-nine departments are now appointed by the Minister of the Interior, and consequently owe their allegiance to him rather than to the department over which they preside. The Royalist hopes to rekindle the dying embers of local autonomy. In a rare outburst of sentiment Maurras confesses his longing "to deliver from their departmental cages the souls of the provinces whose names are still cherished throughout the length and breadth of France." Continuity of policy will be assured by the presence of the king, who will be guided by a permanent body of experts. Instead of an endless round of ministers whirling in and out of office according to the whim of the latest bloc, England and Germany, the two traditional enemies, will find themselves face to face with a new France capable of conceiving and efficiently carrying out large measures.

Such is the castle in Spain that the Royalists are forever contemplating. Has it any relation to reality or is it utterly fantastic? So many strange things have happened in France recently, such as the reappearance of Caillaux and Malvy, that if only a likely candidate could be discovered a coup d'etat would not be inconceivable. France can forgive a man anything except his being a nonentity, and it has been the misfortune of the Royalist party ever since 1848 that all its candidates have been nonentities.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

Ozanam in His Correspondence, by the Right Reverend Monsignor Baunard. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.50.

THE exact procedure followed by the Church when there is question of the beatification or canonization of one of its servants it not very familiar. Catholics, however, are well aware that it is slow and meticulous. At the present moment, two commissions are at work in the archdiocese of Paris, one of which is examining in detail the personal life of Frederic Ozanam, the famous editor of the Ere Nouvelle and founder of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, while a second, called together by the Cardinal Archbishop is busied studying, not only his literary remains, but everything that is known to have come from his pen. In view of this last, a special interest, for all lovers of the gentle soul whose short life charity and zeal for God and God's poor literally "devoured," will attach to the present volume of his intimate correspondence, published for the express purpose of showing us Ozanam in his interior and spiritual life.

France, in Ozanam's day, had recently witnessed the Revolution of 1830 against the absolutism of Charles X, and when Ozanam first went to Paris, the French people wers suffering from the liberalism of the new ideas which had followed that upheaval. It was under the July monarchy that the Conferences of Saint Vincent de Paul were inaugurated. Ozanam's idea was to counteract the anti-Christian influences of the hour, by not only an intellectual defense and exposition of Catholic truth, but by the practice of charitable works. He wished to impress upon the world the social value of Christian charity, for the evidences of the Faith were not merely abstract. The succor of the poor by Catholic charity practically applied, would have even a more vivid effect upon men than the defense of the Faith by abstract reasoning.

It was during the year 1833 that Ozanam made a trip to Italy which turned his mind definitely toward the history and literature of the middle-ages. He had, following the wishes of his father, entered upon the study of law. He had no inclination or liking for the profession of the law, and only entered upon its study out of filial regard. His aspiration and bent were always toward literature. The Italian trip roused him more ardently than ever to that purpose. Nevertheless, he pursued his law studies, and was duly admitted to the bar.

During the Italian trip in 1833, while he was in Florence, Ozanam came into close touch with Dante. It was then that the seed of his future studies in the Divine Comedy were sown, which finally blossomed in his work on Dante and Catholic Philosophy. He was one of the first to draw the modern world's attention to the great poet of the middle-ages, whose work had practically been forgotten ever since the period of the renaissance. Ozanam desired to bring back

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the life and example of the middle-ages to the world—the ages of faith. The plan gradually matured in his mind, and he determined to write on Dante and scholastic philosophy as the thesis for his doctorate. The liberalism and materialism of his day needed an antidote, and the best antidote was the revelation to the modern world, of what the middle-ages were, and Dante was the greatest literary exponent of that period.

The Franciscan Poets was another of Ozanam's works which fructified from his studies in the middle-ages. Here was a literary region which had long lain unknown in contempt and neglect of the middle-ages, following upon the Reformation movement which had deliberately turned its back upon the ages of faith, and so cut off the modern world from the knowledge of the most fruitful period of the development of European civilization. Ozanam's investigations in the history of medievalism only whetted his appetite for further research into the origins of Christian civilization. In February, 1847, appeared the first volume of his The Germans before Christianity, and a second volume in 1849, Christianity among the Franks. A third volume followed in time under the title, History of Christian Civilization in the Fifth Century. These three volumes were for Ozanam but the introduction to the great historical period which extended from Charlemagne to Saint Louis and Innocent III, covering the middle-ages down to that supreme poem of Dante, which had so transported him with delight. His scheme was large and wide-flung. He conceived it as "a gigantic historical edifice like a great cathedral. The fifth century would be the portico flanked by two Roman towers, Germans and Franks, giving entrance to a long nave of six centuries, leading up to the sanctuary in which Christ, the Conqueror of barbarism, reigns in triumph, amid pontiffs, heroes, saints, and poets, who were adoring Him on His altar, His throne, as appears in the Disquisition on the Blessed Sacrament," as depicted in Raphael's immortal fresco in the Vatican.

Ozanam did not live to complete his great plan, which was architechtonic in its conception, and though not finished, affords us ample ground for our wonder and admiration at the grasp and sweep of his genius.

Ozanam ranks easily as one of the foremost champions of the lay apostolate in the nineteenth century with such names as de Maistre, who bridged the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries, Chateaubriand, Veuillot, Donoso Cortes, and Hello, who make up a galaxy of the first magnitude in the defense and exposition of Catholic truth. He is worthy of this great company. It may be said of him, as has been said of de Maistre, "he was a great and virtuous man, a profound thinker, and one of the finest writers of that French language of which his works are a distinguished ornament."

Over and beyond his distinction in the world of letters, Ozanam's star shines with the unique lustre of his great achievement in the world of practical action as the illustrious founder and organizer of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society, whose conferences encircle the globe, and is today, the most extensive and practical organization in the world for the succor of the poor. It was in answer to a challenge flung at Ozanam by the opponents of the Faith, whom he was ever controverting, "What are you doing to show the vitality and efficacy, to prove the truth of your faith?" that the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul sprung. "Let us go to the poor," was Ozanam's answer. "The blessing of the poor is the blessing of God."

CONDÉ B. PALLEN.

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Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux, by Lucie Delarue-Mardrus. Paris: Fasquelle.

THE devotion of the Little Flower which has spread throughout the world with a rapidity which characterizes everything belonging to the present century, has called forth all sorts of tributes from many sorts of persons.

Perhaps the latest which has appeared is without doubt unique. It is the tribute of one who is not even a believer in Catholic truths, who frankly admits herself an unbeliever, who addresses herself chiefly to unbelievers like herself. In the foreword is this pathetic admission: "We have no religion. It is not because of ill will. When one of my pious friends asks me why I do not believe, it is as if the question were: 'Why are you not a millionaire?' To which I reply: 'Because I have no millions. Pray give them to me.' But they try in vain; my hands remain empty of the riches they offer me."

Madame Lucie Delarue-Mardrus, the author of this new Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux, is a writer of romances, whose life is so remote from the cloistered life that her astonishing appreciation of the "little way" must be set down as another proof that Saint Theresa is fulfilling her promise of spending her heaven in doing good upon earth. Attracted by degrees through the pictures of the little saint and stories told her by some of her servants, she went herself to visit the Carmelite convent at Lisieux. Here she was repelled, as many ardent Catholics often are, by the evidences of commercialism so much to be deplored in connection with our shrines—but which the faithful find it easier to realize is entirely outside the object of Catholic devotion. Another thing which displeased her, which also is difficult for any of us with a sense of the eternal fitness of things, was the incongruity of the representation of a nun of the severe order of Carmel, reclining upon a pale blue divan in a theatrical pose, dressed in a brown velvet habit with trimmings of gold lace, and a white mantle embroidered with precious stones. All this, as she frankly avers, scandalized her—but she resolved to study Saint Theresa in her own book, in the hope of regaining the fervor that had been almost destroyed by her pilgrimage.

She bought a copy of L'Histoire d'une Ame, and began to read it scrupulously, though some of her friends assured her that it was tiresome and insignificant. "I declare at once that these advisers were all wrong. It was Thérèse Martin's book which induced me to write this one." A successful writer herself, she would naturally be more appreciative than others of both faults and merits in a book. "A Carmelite," she says, "even though a saint, and even though called Thérèse, is not necessarily a writer of such genius as that of the great saint of Avila. . . . Outside of the mystic poems of the dear little one, the holy deliriums of the little daughter of Carmel are calculated to astonish ignorant persons like myself, little accustomed to the language which convents address to Jesus. But through this vocabulary, to us full of very tiresome repetitions, behold the personality of the touching religious—behold, all purity and all freshness, the very mark of her extreme youth."

And so she reads and ponders these pages whose simplicity and naïveté have failed to impress even those of the household of the Faith, whose minds can never appreciate the meaning of: "Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

Madame Delarue-Mardrus reads the autobiography with avidity, and with every page, apparently, she becomes more and more fascinated with its author. She has written her book in the spirit which she herself calls the "passionate homage of an unbeliever," with the avowed intention of reaching that part of the world not interested in religious matters, and of increasing the number of subjects of "the Little Queen." A reviewer has said that "she touches without knowing it, the heights of mysticism—not only with an absolute and avowed ignorance of such sublime things, but even with a prejudice which excepts only the little Thérèse. Madame Lucie seems to have grasped the meaning of Thérèse's 'little way,' and finds it to be a sort of Imitation, wherein she can read astonishing philosophy."

Toward the end of her book, Madame Lucie declares again, as she does in the beginning, that it is "as a poet and novelist, and I repeat, as a countrywoman and a contemporary, that I have wished to study the Saint of Lisieux. I have not for one moment attempted to diminish the brilliancy of her aureole. If the rainbow which I have placed about her worsted veil borrows from the prism of unbelief colors forbidden by theology, at least these colors have been chosen upon my writer's palette, with all the care and all the ardor of which I am capable. They are strong colors, far removed from the Sulpician style; but everyone does what he can with the means at his disposal."

No one could read the book and doubt the writer's sincerity. Small wonder that such a tribute from such a source has "aroused profound emotion throughout Paris."

ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.

THE DAYS OF DICKENS

By ARTHUR L. HAYWARD

A glance at some aspects of Early Victorian life in London, of which THE COMMONWEAL said (May 12):—

"With the help of yellow memorials of every sort—the novelists, the newspapers, old theatre programs—a really delightful excursion into the faded days between the 'thirties and 'seventies is undertaken. . . . The gossip is tart and profuse; old fashions and means of conveyance appear in momentarily resurrected streets; and the gleanings from Dickens are generously thrown in for good measure."

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

Dr. Angelicus read aloud from his newspaper:

"'Thirty-seven states have sent about two hundred and fifty prominent bald-heads to Bridgeport for the annual convention of the Bald-Head Club of America, and Governor John H. Trumbull of Connecticut will be the guest of honor. Rumblings of a convention battle are already being heard on a suggestion to found a chair in a college for hair research and a study of baldness—a departure from the club's aims.'"

"They are very foolish to oppose such a suggestion," said Miss Brynmarian, "for while it may be true that gentlemen prefer blondes, it is certain ladies do not prefer bald-heads."

"Ladies," remarked Dr. Angelicus, "are frequently too prone to see only exterior values, ignoring the more important interior ones."

"I think it would be safer," replied Miss Brynmarian, "if bald gentlemen should make their exterior values become interior ones by using wigs."

The Doctor, tentatively touching his incipient tonsure, resumed his reading:

"'John Rodemeyer of Greenwich, founder and a past president of the club, is going to challenge the right to membership of Fred Atwater, head of the Columbia Nut Company.'"

"Why challenge his, of all memberships?" inquired Miss Brynmarian.

"'Mr. Rodemeyer,' continued the Doctor, 'represents a faction that glories in baldness and tries to encourage it as a mark of the superman. He accuses Mr. Atwater of using hair tonic in secret and declares him insufficiently bald for membership, anyhow.'

"'Mr. Atwater admits that he is ineligible to the club, according to a rule requiring a bald spot three and one-half inches. "If Rodemeyer tries to have me put out," he said, "I'll expose him. I shall relate the history of his fight against baldness and tell what I know of the fortunes spent by others in the club to keep their hair. Frankly, my idea of the club differs from his. When it comes to baldness I am a die-hard. Too many members of this club are like the persons who vote dry and drink wet. They talk big about how fine it is to be bald and then take hair tonic on the quiet."'"

"Externally, and even sometimes internally," remarked Britannicus.

"Caesar, if we are to believe his statues, was slightly bald," ruminated the Doctor, "and the pictures of Mussolini show very little hair on the top of his head. And that reminds me, Britannicus; have you seen the Illustrated London News of recent date? On a page containing pictures of the Duce and scenes in Rome shortly after the attempt was made on his life by the Honorable Violet Albina Gibson, there is a caption which reads: 'The day after Mussolini was shot, he left, as arranged, for Tripoli. Before leaving he received a telegram from Dublin from his assailant's brother, Lord Ashbourne, which stated: Miss Gibson's family regret the incident, and express profound sympathy.'"

"Well?" inquired Britannicus.

"That word 'incident,'" complained Angelicus. "It strikes me as being particularly British. I suppose an attempt on an Italian's life which might easily cause his death is, to the average Englishman, a mere incident."

"I never thought of it that way before," confessed Britannicus. 'However, the Britisher is entitled to his viewpoint.

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The Glad Days

Are with us ....
Days o' hikin' ....
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Will they be GLAD ....
Days for you ....
Or will you limp ....
Behind the procession ....
Every step ....
Driving a knife ....
Thru your feet ....

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The London Spectator," he went on, "is running a series of letters on Hating America, which I really think would prove instructive to you. For instance, here is one which says:

" 'The Englishman is too apt to judge the American by the type which is most frequently seen and heard in Britain and on the continent, i.e., the plutocratic sightseer of Europe. Such men and women have spoiled traveling on the continent for people of moderate means by the standard of excessive tipping which they have introduced; they are pathetically materialistic in their outlook and for the most part have little capacity for artistic or aesthetic enjoyment. The average Englishman is quite naturally piqued by the attitude and behavior of such people. . . . Politically, the Americans may be almost offensive, but personally they are a chivalrous and humble-minded people.' "

"Thanks for those few kind words," said Angelicus. "I would like to reply in kind with a letter explaining that the English have spoiled traveling on the continent by their excessive clamoring for and use of the offensive tea-basket in overcrowded carriages. However, I do not wish to be carping in my criticism of England, who had my most heartfelt sympathy in her recent industrial upheaval. Her pluck is shown by the contents of a letter—the first I have received from England since the outbreak of the strike. It came in response to my cable inquiring what grave danger, if any, menaced a family there that is particularly dear to me. Like many English families, this one has, for many years, given kindly shelter to a maiden-cousin. My friend's wife, evidently trying to ease my worry on their account, says they are all getting along very nicely, and then adds: 'But it is true that—

" 'Eggs are soaring, butter rising—
Jack and I are realizing
Cousin Agatha has really grown too great a charge to meet;
As for social secretary,
Eyes and ears are necessary,
But in spite of rheumatism, thank the stars, she has her feet!
All our friends have lost their patience
With her household decorations;
Millinery, gowns, and tea-rooms—she has tried them all, alas!
The Standard says: "In Pondicherry,
Natives crave a missionary"—
But at first let's get together—she might start a Charleston class!' "

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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